

THE SCIENCE OF LIVING¹

THREE Sciences of Living are presented in three books mentioned below, each founded on a widely different Theory of Life and Destiny. The phenomena of Life, the conduct by which it manifests itself externally, are of secondary importance. The driving forces which are shaping man, which are chiselling him to a finished product, or raising him up to his next stage, are paramount. It is these we wish to examine, ignoring the embroidery in which they are decked. In order to give them labels, we may say of the first work that it is the Science of Living according to Nietzsche; of the second, according to Professor Adler; of the third, according to the Catholic Church.

In "I am Jonathan Scrivener" we are introduced to a circle of characters, all suffering from a mental *malaise*, an internal revolt against the limitations set upon them by their surroundings. The characters are chosen so that the revolt may be depicted in different aspects. The author has been more successful in portraying it in his women than in his men. In the latter there is too little proportion between the awakening desire to rise to vaguely imagined heights, and the conventional human medium which has to fulfil the aspiration. The men break up too readily, and it is a pity that the novelist did not look for suggestion to some of the more serious contributions of, say, Catholic men of action who have learnt to despise the gifts by which they might have conquered the world for themselves, and have risen to Apostolic levels. It is true that there are not many such contributions, but the Confessions of St. Augustine are surely illuminating, and, with the help of such a masterly study as Baruzi's, the life and writings of St. John of the Cross.

Normally, the escape of those aiming at the fullest self-expression from the restrictions imposed on them by their environment, is to break through ordinary "conventions," and this the characters in "I am Jonathan Scrivener" are mostly trying to do. But their encounter with Jonathan Scrivener has aroused in them a vague intimation that this mode of conduct

¹ "I am Jonathan Scrivener," by Claude Houghton (Thornton Butterworth).

² "The Science of Living," by Alfred Adler (George Allen & Unwin).

³ "Saint Jean de la Croix," by Jean Baruzi (Alcan).

finally renders the revolt of no value; precisely because, by recognizing that there are "conventions," they are really surrendering to them, and, in doing so, are delimiting their powers of action. They must learn not only to despise them, but to transcend them; to strike out in an entirely new realm where human values count for nothing. These heralds of revolt must become Supermen; in fact each must become his own Absolute.

A blasphemer, in order to become one in good truth and to manifest his independence, must first accept the convention that there is Something holy in the universe; else his utterances have nothing of revolt in them—and so with other forms of revolt. The Superman must make a clean sweep of these values, and then live his life, on the basis of some substitute where they do not appear. Apparently he must become absolutely Egoistic, absolutely ruthless, absolutely unreflective. He must drive forward like some force of Nature, using every ounce of personal energy to ensure a maximum of output, with no other regard.

Jonathan Scrivener has reached the stage where he has come to despise all conventional values, but he is alone. A new Society must be formed, providing the basis for the new type of living. Having, therefore, aroused the first stirrings after such a life in his disciples, he retires from the scene, in order to allow them to act and react on each other, and so furnish him with the data he seeks. He cannot be present because all would simply be attracted to him and become his slaves. But this would defeat his purpose, which is to find out how each can be a law to himself, without dependence on another. They must be goaded by the thought of him, not by sight of him.

The result of his experiment is a fiasco; out of the boiling pot nothing but a series of disillusioned individuals emerges. Human Society has not been transcended, but has simply cast off these blind would-be reformers. The characters disappear into oblivion, Jonathan Scrivener appears on the last page. But as he is of the order Superman, he is of necessity indescribable. The author just closes his book.

Such appears to be the theme of this very striking book. The human race must ascend by emergence to a stage wholly dissociated from the previous one. Not that the material of which man is made will change; he will still have reason, will, physical structure and the rest. But the laws which govern

the interaction of one with another will be wholly different to those which ruled before. How far the author thinks the *élan* towards this stage is present in each individual, it is impossible to say. One may conjecture that he places it in the general stock, but that, in the majority, it is a small spark threatening to burst into flame only in a privileged few. That, in a sense, is the tragedy of the situation. The dullness and density of the mass are such that it cannot be kindled, but acts as sand to stifle any outbreak, and, instead of "casting fire on the earth" the *élite* are themselves burnt to cinders. Meanwhile, the mass is diverting the attempted ascent to a higher stage into a real decadence, by a futile revolt which is a mere pose; it remains tied to its surroundings and to the values placed on them, yet it thinks to play the hero by sneering at those values. The author rightly and heartily despises this pose.

Of the literary quality of the book, one can scarcely speak too highly. There is a firmness of treatment, a fine delineation of character, a seriousness of purpose and a background of allusive reference to the main theme, which make it difficult to lay it down, and prompt to a re-reading. And there is no sign of indelicacy. But what about the theme?

The author has shown to demonstration that the proposed ideal is self-destructive. A process such as he imagines can move only by chaos and into chaos, and has no recuperative power. Progress, however we like to define it, must retain some continuity with the past. Not merely must it not break with the past, but it must be an expansion of it. And the basis of the continuity is fixed in certain ineradicable Ideals, embedded in human nature, precisely as human. These remain unalterable; it is the elements which menace them that undergo modification.

I suppose the two processes in history which appear most subversive to Society are the swamping of an old civilization by an uncultured horde, and the outbreak of revolution. In both the same fundamental characters are patent. In the first, the human social machinery has become rotten, and the ideals towards which it ought to be advancing have been lost sight of and need to be recalled. In the second, the human machinery has got out of gear, because the ideals have become distorted, and need reorientation. They are claimed, in convenient form, as the perquisites of one class, whereas they belong to humanity. History by its records of failure rather than of

success shows that the best way to preserve ideals operative and undistorted is the acceptance of the living, actual Paternity of God. By approach to, submission to, and absorption in God, all men become equal, free, and brethren. And they become Supermen, but not so as to become self-sufficient, but as competent to help one another. This result in its highest state is found exemplified only in a very few, in the Saints of God. It would be the advantage as it is the duty of the rest of mankind to study this result so expressed, and try to imitate it. Instead of that, the majority reject it, for it means the subduing of human pride and the acknowledgement of human subjection. And their rejection is the more deliberate, their hostility the more bitter because the ideal within them, their still-active conscience, feels itself attracted by and in harmony with, its exhibition in practice. That voice must be stifled, if possible, but happily it seldom can be.

Professor Adler offers us a Science of Living which is well-nigh the contrary of that expounded in "I am Jonathan Scrivener." According to him, man at an early age becomes obsessed with a sense of inferiority, founded on some organic defect, which determines his attitude of life, and makes him select his experiences, and so in a manner strive to develop, so that they shall compensate for the inferiority. The result is that he strives to reach out to what he cannot grasp, and is not intended to grasp; and he often makes ludicrous attempts to persuade others, or worse still, to persuade himself, that he is very superior to others. The fault, he imagines, lies with his surroundings, not with him, if the superiority is not manifest.

This attempt to raise self above Society is a fundamental error, because man is solely a Social function. He should indeed adopt a life-attitude, but strictly as a cog in the machine called Communal Life. Every man can and ought to further the life of the Society he belongs to, but he must do so with the equipment he possesses; he must not strain after ideals which make him superior or independent of Society; that way lies neurosis. It would appear that Adler allows no residue in man independent of Society, he is not a Person in his own right, cannot become something greater than his Society, which the latter can follow and take as its guide.

Since man's reactions are dictated by Society, Adler has little use for heredity. His Man's "life attitude" is impressed on him when four or five, not at birth. He will not deny

heredity a legitimate sphere, but it is much overworked; on this point he seems certainly right. By many psychologists heredity is constantly called upon as an explanation of all kinds of similarities between parents and offspring. If heredity has the all-pervading influence thus attributed to it, there is very little room for education as generally understood, which rather tends to become a branch of Biology. Accordingly it would be more effective to close down schools, and to extend clinics and biological laboratories.

So, too, Adler rejects a "Hormic" theory of development. For, according to this theory, the inborn forces of an individual impose themselves on his environment, and mould the latter to their aims. They do not stop at selection; they construct. In that case, the individual outstrips Society, and reform will consist in rearranging Society so as to give more ample scope to personal "Conation," not in adapting an individual's powers to Society's various functions.

In order then to gain an understanding of an individual's life, we must discover how he arranged his "life attitude," when quite young, and the explanation of his subsequent development will emerge. All else is secondary. If this early attitude be one to which future experiences are favourable, we have the normal person; if they are unfavourable, the neurotic, or worse, will develop. Up to the age of four or five the child is very receptive and very plastic. He is being shaped as a receptor of some types of experience, and a rejector or ignorer of others. After that age, he may be considered as set, not of course, that he cannot learn to discriminate more accurately and with greater significance, but that the experiences, when interpreted according to the level of his power of understanding, will be sifted by his early-adopted "life attitude."

This seemingly fantastic theory cannot be rejected out of hand. Observation seems to find in it a satisfactory explanation of some lives, and a factor in most, if not all. The growing practice of impressing on parents the tremendous importance of their attitude to, and their treatment of, their young children, is all to the good, and is little more than an application of Adler's principle. Not, alas! that it is likely to have much effect on the modern father or mother. Parents are too much occupied with their rights as parents, or else too much taken up with themselves; they seem to look on their children as shoots which will develop satisfactorily, regardless of their

treatment; they do not realize the importance of studying child-psychology and trying to understand that Adler wishes them to induce in their offspring a correct "life attitude." The policy of asserting parental authority by forcing on the child reactions which belong to the adult, or the equally harmful policy of *laissez faire* is all too prevalent, and, outside the Church, there is no teaching to correct it. In spite, however, of this neglect, *some* children will manage to twist themselves into a correct attitude, precisely because Adler's Science of Living is not fundamental. The child can assert himself, can even grow later to greatness in spite of defects at four or five, because he has more fundamental powers at his disposal than Adler allows, and though he may not be able to shake off all the impress of early infancy, can yet transcend it, and often does.

Even a superficial reading of history will show that great advances have been made by an individual getting ahead of Society and, by stamping his ideals on it, forcing it to rise to the level of his demands. If it be said, in explanation, that Society has by some chance offered experiences which happen to fit in with that individual's desire for Superiority, and so given his dreams scope for action, such an explanation is contrary to fact. Society is very inert, and by continuous pressure endeavours to restrict its members to its own ambit. It allows the individual to dream, to write books, to thump tubs, but at the first indication of an attempt on his part to act, it brings all its resources on him to shepherd him back into the rut. If it cannot succeed, it persecutes. The outstanding example of this process is the career of Our Lord Jesus Christ; but all His Saints have shared in their measure in His experience; nor has the persecution of Him ended yet. Society wants "peace in its sins," does *not* want its dreams of earth disturbed, and, as ever, is prone to stone the prophets. But Christ lives on in the Church, and, moreover, in the hearts of individuals precisely as individuals; and that alone shows the inadequacy of Adler's theory. It deals with Nature and ignores Grace.

Neither the author nor his editor has done his theme good service in the book before us. The author, though he proposes his theory as an all-embracing Science of Living, is concerned throughout only with abnormal and exceptional cases, while his editor's foreword offers us this remarkable proof of the principle of the book. "In every Individual we

find an individual way of selecting its experiences from all possible experience. What is the principle of that selection? Adler has announced that it is, fundamentally, the organic consciousness of a *need*, of some specific inferiority which has to be compensated." ("Science of Living," p. 11. Italics in original.) The glide from "need" to "specific inferiority which has to be compensated," smacks of a conjuring trick. For consciousness of a need may arouse a sense of definite superiority instead of inferiority. Consciousness of the need of God, for instance, arouses a sense of superiority to anything which has no such need. The editor, doubtless, is thinking of competition with another who is placed in a better condition to attain a certain end. Consciousness of the need of food does not make one seek "compensation" but satisfaction. Satisfaction implies no competition, unless there is rivalry.

The satisfaction of man's natural needs is in truth a fundamental part of the Science of Living: St. Thomas Aquinas puts it in a nutshell when he asserts that man naturally has an "appetite" for God, and, as a matter of fact, this is the essence of the Catholic Science of Living, manifested in its highest form in the great and genuine Mystics. But so far from arousing rivalry with his fellow-man, this need drives each towards absorption in God, wherein he finds community with his brother, and instead of competition—to coin a word—"complementation" with him. Of course, there is plenty of rivalry in this world, a fact that gives so much truth to Adler's view; but it is not essential or fundamental; it can be transcended. Because man's deepest relation is with God, therefore, he can go beyond Society, and rise above it. His *personal* life attitude, not his *communal*, determines his growth.

Of Professor Adler's system as a palliative to disorders no attempt is made to offer any appreciation. That it can work so-called "cures" is no doubt quite true; though that cannot be put forward as a proof of the truth of his principle. For all psychoanalysts claim to produce marvellous cures: which rather tends to show that it is not the specific nostrum which each school advocates, but some common element to which none of them has paid attention, that is the agent, and evidence points to the independent initiative of the individual as the cause. Adler's principle is thus at once shown to be inadequate.

In her Saints and Mystics the Catholic Church may be said to offer, in the noblest form that it is capable of assuming on

earth, her Science of Living. The Science is not confined to an élite; it is of right the legacy of every Catholic; but in the Mystics it has reached its zenith, and that because, the Mystics having created the lacunae, God has stepped in to enable them to fill the gaps. But from the lowest type of Catholic to the highest there is continuity of Ideal, and that Ideal is to make his response conformable to, and if possible, identical with, the Divine invitation. It is contained in Christ's words "Be ye perfect, as your heavenly Father is perfect."

One or two notions concerning Mysticism must be put aside as not descriptive of its aim. It is not a Science of Knowledge, in the sense of intuition. One Catholic writer, in a careful study of Mysticism, has thus summed up his conclusion. Taking his stand on the Mystic's utterances, there is, in the highest states (Mystical Union) he says, a "présentation active, non symbolique, de Dieu à l'âme, avec son corrélatif psychologique: *l'intuition immédiate de Dieu par l'âme.*"¹ There is, no doubt, an immediate presence of God to the soul, but, taking one's stand on the testimony of the Mystics themselves there is no psychological correlative in the shape of an immediate intuition of God by the soul. There is an unshakable *conviction*, which appears to be aroused by the sentiment of Divine Possession, by the sentiment of "disappropriation"—the entire removal of mastership of one's capacities,—and by the sentiment that all one's powers are interpenetrated by the Divine, and are in a state of continual active tension towards a Divine Object, which, though it remains in the dark, yet affects these powers as though it were in full view, absorbing them totally. So that whatever is presented to sense or intellect or any other capacity is responded to by this "life attitude," which pierces it, transcends it, and places it in this Universal Divine Object, but does not necessarily ignore it. The Unseen Object gives every detail of life its worth; outside it they have no other.

Except for one unhappy bit of phrasing, Delacroix has summed up the condition well. "Le Mystique devient un Absolu agissant; il s'est approprié l'être et la puissance divine [read, Dieu s'est approprié l'être et la puissance du mystique], il porte dans une vie toute active sa nature toute contemplative." It is the *Life* of the Mystic that has become trans-

¹ P. Maréchal, "Etudes sur la Psychologie des Mystiques," p. 253. Italics in original.

mented. God has so interpenetrated the creature's being and faculties, that the two do not merely act in harmony, but as one. Man, while remaining man, has become superman.

Much less does Mysticism consist of the trances, raptures, internal locutions, visions, which Pierre Janet has claimed he can reproduce in degenerate hysterics; and which some, even Catholics, regard as the hall-mark of the Mystical state. The Mystics themselves look on these with suspicion, and those who have reached the highest state either rid themselves of them, regarding them as weaknesses of the flesh, or place small faith in them. It is true that St. Teresa laid great store by internal intellectual divine locutions, and was at great pains to discover criteria by which they could be differentiated from hallucinations; even so, they were, in her view, accidental conditions which arose out of, but did not constitute, the Mystical state. But St. John of the Cross goes further, and tells us, even though such locutions be divine, we should not consider them, because we can misinterpret their significance. Better let God pursue His way in us, attaining His ends, while we remain in the dark: though, as they carefully emphasize, Catholic revelation must always remain our guide.

Mysticism is the culminating point, which as an ideal is continuous with that proposed to the least aspiring Catholic. The Ideal is approach to, submission to, and absorption in God, but its degree of realization varies from the one who strives to keep the Decalogue, to the one who loses himself and everything else in the Divine. There is no need of a cataclysmic breakup of humanity to reach it, and there is no need to degrade man to the Freudian notion of life, or restrict him to that of Adler. There is need of effort, of mighty effort, by some favoured individuals to give the race the courage to aspire to it; but the capacity is possessed by all, though in very many it needs a deal of calling out.

The process through which Mystics pass, analogous to that demanded of all, but much magnified, shows also that their aim is to live their life to the full as nature demands it, and as supernatural perfects it. It is not the inane process to which Leuba would reduce it, a process of exercising intensely the capacities for knowledge while depriving them of their content, till finally the Mystic mistakes the nude act of thinking for thinking the All. That may be true of Buddhistic practices,—we cannot say.

But starting from the acknowledged truth that detailed

objects and thoughts have their root in a Real which possesses all and more than, *their* truth and value; and that all detailed desires have their root in a Desire which contains all and more than, *their* power, the Mystic strives, not to abolish the separate object, but to surpass it, and through it reach the One True Real. All objects of cognition must come *sub specie aeternitatis*. His individual desires he *does* attempt to subdue, in order that the Desire of his total nature, Desire pure and simple, may find full field for exercise. By this, selfishness is abolished, and in the highest mystical states, it is, as one may describe it, God seeking Himself through the personality of the Mystic whom He has captured. In the majority of the faithful the process is expressed by the maxim "Thou shalt love the Lord thy God above all things," verified in different degrees.

The Catholic process is, therefore, one of condensation, in which each ascending step recapitulates antecedent ones, and carries them a stage higher, till one is reached that cannot be transcended, because the mind stands abidingly in the presence of the Supremely Real, no matter what the appearance may be, and desire rests fixedly on the totality of Good.

At what point God Himself, by His supernatural action, must perforce step in to give effect to this culminating state, we are not trying to determine. Our aim is to show what is the Catholic Science of Living. It is all of a piece, and finds a place for everyone. Not only so, but having found man a place, it makes it a starting-off point for him to ascend until he is, to use St. Peter's phrase "partaking of the divine nature" as far as human nature can in this world. Thus, unlike the others, the Catholic Science of Living, takes account of all the facts and rejects all that is not true. It embodies the Way, the Truth and the Life.

V. MONCEL.

BIGOTRY OUT OF DATE

THE longevity of libels which bigotry finds useful is proverbial. All the same, truth does gradually prevail: time has a destructive effect upon lying propaganda. Many of the trappings of "no-popery," for which novelists in the nineteenth century found a ready market have been thrown on the scrap-heap: the "Hocking" genus, so excoriated in *THE MONTH* by the wit and satire of James Britten¹ is growing extinct. Yet in the past some gems of bigotry, which even the non-Catholic smiles at, became so associated with great literary talent, that they cannot be thrown away; they remain as a permanent humiliation, and a warning; nay, they may even acquire, in old age, a quality of humour, and become of value to the opposite camp. This is what has happened to the anti-Catholic fiction written by Charles Kingsley.

In 1848, not long after Newman's conversion, Kingsley wrote a novel entitled "Yeast," which, though now forgotten, is interesting as containing the germ of the author's argument, set forth later in the famous pamphlet "What then does Dr. Newman mean?"

Most educated people in mid-nineteenth century England agreed with Kingsley's thesis that a convert to Rome must be either a fool or a knave. The fools were easily deceived by "lying Jesuits"; the knaves must have enjoyed deceit for its own sake, since there was little worldly advantage to be gained by becoming a Catholic. Kingsley's heroes believed that Catholics, and foreigners generally, actually liked lying, and that truth and honesty were only to be found among the super-moral John Bulls. The fact is that in Kingsley's fiction, which was very near to real life, the bluff, honest, English Protestant appears as an intolerable prig.

The hero in "Yeast," bullying a friend who had become a Catholic, uses the same truculent language as Kingsley himself employed against Newman:

I being a Protestant (if cursing popery means Protestantism) mean what I say . . . unless you tell your father within twenty-four hours after receiving this letter, I will. . . . Heathen as I am, I am still an Englishman: and there are certain old superstitions still lingering amongst

¹ See "Protestant Fiction" (C.T.S.).

us . . . about truth and common honesty—you understand me . . . do not be angry. But there is a prejudice against the untruthfulness of Romish priests and Romish converts—it's no affair of mine. . . .

If Charles Kingsley were to come back to England now he would have some difficulty in finding this "bluff English Protestant"; for the old self-confidence has gone; belief in the "bible only," or in the bible at all, is going. The strutting conceit has happily waned. Protestants in those days were too proud to argue; they would not demean themselves by condescending to discuss such nonsense as popery. How confident they were! And how horror-struck at the mere notion of coquetting with the Scarlet Woman!

I cannot answer his arguments you see, nor yours; I am an Englishman not a controversialist. The only answer I give is John Bull's old dumb instinctive everlasting no! which he will stand by if need be with sharp shot and cold steel. . . [Catholic!] . . . not that, anything but that. No kingdom of heaven at all for us, if the kingdom of heaven is like that; no heroes at all for us, if their heroism is to consist in their being not-men. . . .

The "old dumb instinctive everlasting no" is no longer characteristic of the average Englishman's religion: he doesn't know enough to have any opinion: he doesn't care enough to get the needful knowledge.

"The Truth of the Protestant Religion proved from the Profiteer's Prosperity"—such a heading might justly be written above the following paragraph of vigorous English from the pen of Charles Kingsley:

When your party compares sneeringly Romish sanctity and English civilization, I say, "Take you the sanctity, and give me the civilization . . . when we draw blank cheques on nature, as Carlyle says, she honours them. Our ships do sail; our mills do work; our doctors do cure; our soldiers do fight. And she does not honour yours. For your Jesuits have, even by their own confession, to lie, to swindle, to get even man to accept theirs for them. So give me the political economist, the sanitary reformer, the engineer, and take your Saints and virgins, relics, and miracles. The spinning jenny, and the railroad, Cunard liners, and the electric telegraph, are to me, if not to you, signs that we are, on some points at least, in har-

mony with the universe; there is a mighty spirit working amongst us," etc., etc.

Here is a frank admission that the worth of religion may be measured by success in business. The wealthy grocer provides a Note establishing the soundness of Nonconformity. Millionaires who drew their wealth from the child-labour of perilous and insanitary factories may claim that wealth as a Mark of the true Religion; merchants and shipowners piling up fortunes while their sailors lived and toiled like galley-slaves—these are the favourites of Providence, not mentioned in the Sermon on the Mount!

But if Kingsley came back to-day, he would find that nature no longer honours all the British cheques; for there are amidst us over two million unemployed; there are mills which no longer work; and many ships that do not sail.

What would Kingsley say if he could come back? He might now see that those who esteem Saints and Virgins, relics and miracles, are perhaps not so demonstrably foolish: their hope, reaching beyond a crumbling earthly prosperity, remains unchanged: their treasure, accumulating in Heaven, is beyond worldly vicissitudes.

And even if he still believed in the existence of curious Jesuits who lie and swindle, and are not afraid to confess a certain pride in so doing, he would find that the commercial world is streaked with fraud made all the easier and widespread by his boasted "electric telegraph" and all its scientific brood.

Kingsley's slightly hysterical start of horror at the word "Catholic," his exclamation—"not that; anything but that," illustrates vividly the comfortable, prosperous, earth-bound stupidity of mid-Victorian England.

But the vigour and venom of "no-popery," especially during the last two centuries, cannot be attributed to stupidity alone. For the mania, which is really a mental disease, has often made victims of the best and wisest men in the land. Great intellect is not proof against false prepossessions, fostered by education and environment. It is clear that in most cases the patient had no first-hand knowledge, or even approximately accurate second-hand knowledge, of the hated object, and that his phobia, not based on contact with reality, was the product of distorted imagination. The symptoms are akin to those of monomania; the mind is bound to an *idée fixe* from which there is no escape.

The origin of this mental disease can be traced to the fact that the people of England, especially the lower and middle classes, had been taught for generations that the Pope was antichrist, and that his destruction was a religious duty. This belief, based on centuries of false historical teaching, and an entire absence of true teaching, was especially active during the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, and has left its mark on the literature of England. It provided, however, a less telling argument at the end of the eighteenth century when other antichrists began to take the field, and when the title was transferred, in the mouths of most Englishmen, to Napoleon Bonaparte.

But another argument ran parallel with the first and survived it in the race, appealing to racial self-conceit and brag-gart nationalism. The Pope was a foreigner. Here Protestantism was on sure ground; "no foreign Prince or Potentate hath jurisdiction in this realm of England." This magnificent declaration appealed to the fine old English country gentlemen, the hunting squires, the aristocrats, the Dons, as well as to the illiterate and unlearned. And it became a popular slogan with the insular-minded public for whom English literature was being written.

To these people, as to Sydney Smith a century ago, popery was all damned nonsense; but, thank God, it was foreign nonsense; it would not go down with the bluff, hard-headed common sense of John Bull. This was the note struck by Kingsley, and it will be found echoing throughout nearly all Victorian literature. Thackeray and Dickens were in tune with it. It rings most truly, and most comically, in *The Letters of Queen Victoria*; and it has marred some of the masterpieces of Charlotte Brontë.

This writer has immortalized in her fiction the insularity of nineteenth century England, the happy, confident, prosperous days when God blessed the "squire and his relations," when Englishmen were proud of the name of Protestant, and despised more than anything else in the world, Frenchmen and Catholics. When these Englishmen went to France or Italy they seldom got into contact with Catholic life; they walked through Europe in blinkers. They contracted, said George Eliot, "no popish superstition but a great deal of non-papistical vanity." This vanity, this national conceit, unconsciously reproduced by Charlotte Brontë in her novel, *Villette*, has given that piece of fiction an interesting historical value. For there can be little doubt that in this book the heroine, Lucy,

expressing her views of the Catholic Church, is the mouth-piece not only of the author, but also of practically the whole of cultured England of that day. It shows that an educated woman could then, with assurance of complete sympathy in her readers, criticize, condemn and misrepresent something she had never seen or known and could not, if she had, properly appreciate. Although, at the time of publication and for long after, *Villette* had no doubt considerable value as "anti-popish" propaganda, now the book can almost be regarded as an asset to the Catholic side, because it helps to answer the question: why did the "no-popery" frenzy in England last so long?

It lasted because nearly all the sources of information, direct and indirect, accessible to the people were thoroughly vitiated by anti-Catholic prejudice. It can be shown by a survey of English classical literature since the Reformation that, as Newman has pointed out in his University Lectures, it became and remained aggressively Protestant. I do not think it an exaggeration to say that, if we except Dryden and Pope, there is hardly a post-Reformation English classic which can be trusted to mention the Catholic Church without reviling her character or distorting her history or teaching.¹

In English classical fiction, Charlotte Brontë may be taken as a type of an ignorance and prejudice, which to-day would be recognized as such even by the man in the street.

Her Catholic scenes are all marked by an utter disregard of fact. The episode where Lucy tries to go to confession to a Jesuit priest is one of the worst in the whole book. Père Silas is a grotesque lay-figure, and the whole confession-incident is devoid of reality. Charlotte supposed confession to consist, especially, of course, a French girl's confession, merely in an avowal of sordid sins. Englishwomen, she informs us elsewhere in the book, "unguarded walk calmly amongst the red-hot ploughshares and escape burning."

And so Lucy, being an English girl, has no "sin or crime to confess"; she was not like the Catholic and immoral French. Unbalanced and anxious, lonely, in love without knowing it, this heroine wanted to unburden her mind. She had no friend or relation nearby, and she ventured to approach a Catholic Church, actually enters the confessional, and strangely succeeds in getting Père Silas to hear her confession. The Jesuit listened in silence, then: "looked thought-

¹ Yet not a few exceptions can be discovered, as our readers were reminded in an interesting piece of research by Fr. Rope—"Catholic Tradition in Non-Catholic Literature"—published in *THE MONTH* for August, 1929.—Ed.

ful, surprised, puzzled." The confessional box must have been unusually well lit up.

You take me unawares [he said] I have not had such a case as yours before; ordinarily we know our routine, and are prepared; but this makes a great break in the common course of confession. I am hardly furnished with counsel fitting the circumstances.

What follows is even more absurd. The Jesuit Father tells his penitent that "the Church is too cold," and that she must come to his house for further consultation; and then leaves his confessional to follow her down the street and find out where she lives. The chance of roping in a heretic was too good to be missed. "A kind Christian action," comments Charlotte, via Lucy, meaning herself to be kind and broad-minded, "in which was blended something of the subtlety of his class."

How the fine straightforward English girl escaped unscathed from the Jesuitical trap is told in lengthy passages, forming that blend of bigotry and fine literary form to which we have alluded:

Then Père Silas showed me the fair side of Rome, her good works, and bade me judge the tree by its fruits. In answer I felt and averred that these works were not the fruits of Rome, they were but her abundant blossoming . . . that bloom when set savoured not of charity; the apple full formed was ignorance, abasement and bigotry. Poverty was fed and clothed . . . to bind it by obligation to the Church; orphanage was reared and educated that it might grow up in the fold of the Church; and men were overwrought, and women most murderously sacrificed, and all laid down a world God made pleasant for his creature's good, and took up a cross, monstrous in its galling weight, that they might serve Rome, prove her sanctity, confirm her power, and spread the reign of her tyrant Church. For man's good, was little done; for God's glory, less. A thousand ways were opened with pain, with blood-sweats, with lavishing of life . . . and all for what? That a Priesthood might march straight upward to an all dominating eminence, whence they might at last stretch the sceptre of their Moloch Church. It will not be. God is not with Rome.

It is difficult to suggest what Père Silas might have replied to this onslaught. The Note of Holiness did not appeal to

Lucy any more effectively than it had done to the heroes of Charles Kingsley's fiction. So the Jesuit tried another line. Lucy's "third temptation was held out in the pomp of Rome." That was an easy one; the dreadful "ecclesiastical millinery," of course; and the tawdry churches.

Lucy concludes the story of her escape with a triumphant note:

The more I saw of popery the closer I clung to Protestantism; doubtless there were errors in every Church, but now I perceived by contrast how severely pure was my own, compared with her whose painted and meretricious face had been unveiled for my admiration.

But to exactly what, it may now be asked, would Charlotte herself cling if she now came back?

She allowed Lucy to tell us what her religion was with a precision that nowadays is seldom met with in any of the numerous sections of the Protestant Church:

My own last appeal, the guide to which I looked, and the teacher which I owned, must always be the bible itself, rather than any sect, of whatever name or nation.

Lucy describes the Lutheran, Presbyterian, and Episcopal organizations as practically one Church in words which, in these days of Lausanne Conferences and "Church Reunion" make very curious reading. She had often secretly

wondered at the minute and unimportant character of the difference between these three sects, at the unity and identity of their vital doctrines: I see nothing to hinder them from being one day fused into one Grand Holy Alliance.

At the present moment, it looks as if this Grand Holy Alliance will only be attained when all "the vital doctrines" have been thrown overboard.

From a dialectical point of view the "old dumb instinctive everlasting no" of Charles Kingsley was safer than the rhetoric of Charlotte Brontë. Her invective has long lost its value as propaganda; it remains, however, as a blot to disfigure some fine pages of English writing.

In the classics of English literature "no-popery" survives, like a wasp in amber, when the great mass of illiterate propaganda has been conveniently forgotten; such testimony will be valuable to the historian a hundred years hence, who will be struggling to understand what Protestantism really was.

M. V. HAY.

OUR CATECHISM

NO one can deny that Catholics criticize themselves—those who say we have no freedom of thought have at least to confront the attacks we are always making on our music, our art, our press, our educational methods. Far from holding our tongues, we very nearly nag! And for some years, the catechism has come in for its share of criticism, not more, perhaps, in England, Ireland, and America, than in other lands, but here too.

We have, I suppose, to submit to the impoverishment of the meaning of "critic," "criticize," so that these words allude in common talk to seeing the faults in a thing, picking holes in it, being destructive, while the real notion of making a balanced judgment has faded out. To seek to make true judgments is, of course, a noble use of the intelligence and indeed the only proper one. But a habit of criticizing in the second-rate sense mentioned, and *fashions* in such criticism, and idle non-constructive criticism, are bad. It is humiliating to see how real crazes occur in intellectual things just as they do in dress. Biblical criticism has shown this—Harnack set a fashion; so did Loisy. And the record of "comparative religion" exhibits one craze after another—scholars go mad over animism; totemism, and so on. All this may have its use in the long run, and equilibrium be obtained; but meanwhile, you run the risk of wild enthusiasms with reactions of disillusionment; young people, who like knocking things down, throw aside as valueless what anyhow is probably partially good, and are very annoyed with elderly aloofness or even patience, and nothing annoys the critic more than to be criticized.

An immensely interesting little book has recently been published by Messrs. Sheed and Ward—"The First Instruction of Children and Beginners," by Father Tahon, edited with an introduction by Father F. H. Drinkwater, late editor of *The Sower*. Father Tahon, a Belgian priest, has practically spent his life in the study and practice of education, and joined in middle life the Missionary Congregation of Scheut. He calls it "an *inquiry* into the catechetical tradition of the Church." The bulk of the book is historical. Most of the criticism will be found in the introduction, and I say at once that whether

or no readers agree with Father Drinkwater, they will find him very careful and certainly constructive. Father Tahon, on his side, shows that our *kind* of catechism came into existence after and in imitation of Luther's—Luther, appalled by the prospect of doctrinal chaos among Protestants, tried to formulate his creed and impose it upon all (1531). Calvin followed in 1541; the first Anglican catechism appeared in 1549; Canisius published his in 1558, and Bellarmine his "Dottrina Breve" in 1597. This last is what underlies our own, and the Vatican Council chose it as foundation for the Universal Catechism it projected. Hence, despite its Protestant models, our catechism has full ecclesiastical backing and no one would dream of treating it lightly. The question seems to be, whether it is the best instrument (i) for teaching beginners; (ii) for teaching those more advanced in years and knowledge. Father Drinkwater seems to argue that a *first* instruction (certainly in the case of children, and I think he would add, in the case even of adult converts) need not and perhaps should not be given by means of the catechism as such.

May I be forgiven some reminiscence? Reminiscence is after all inevitable if we are to recapture childhood's state of mind, especially if one is not much occupied with dealing with children directly! My own non-Catholic religious education began by my guardians telling me stories about Our Lord, assisted by picture-books whose art might scandalize the adult eye, but which fascinated me—how well I remember a blue-and-purple Moses rebuking a slate-dark sea! I knew the pictures by heart well before I could read. In fact I clearly remember the first word I read by myself, while waiting till it should be time to get up, and chewing cherries meantime. It was the humble word *the*, I confess, and my discovery, announced at breakfast, was greeted with no enthusiasm. The word occurred in a book called "The Parables," in fact, in that of the Good Samaritan, vivaciously illustrated, and quite well enough to give me a "sense" of Palestine which I have since found to be a true one, one that I never need discard.

After a while, I was made to join what was called, I think, The Little Scripture-Readers' Union. Your duty was, to read five verses of the Bible (marked daily on a card) before reading anything else, to select a verse that you preferred, learn it by heart, and recite it to Authority directly after

breakfast. Now this "suggested" that there was sure to be a verse that you'd like: that you should feel ashamed if the *whole thing* bored you; and it filled your head with the noble rhythm of the Scriptures and surrounded at least *some* texts with an emotion so sweet that they could never be forgotten nor even lose their savour. A Minor Prophet, an Epistle of St. Paul, would suddenly in the midst of the most arid tract blossom into some verse like: "Lo, I have loved thee with an everlasting love"; "Himself hath said: I will never leave thee nor forsake thee. . ." I return below to the value of thus getting Truth if not in terms of Beauty, at least embalmed and fragrant.

On weekdays I browsed on all manner of fairy stories, like Hans Andersen's perfect ones, or the Arabian Nights; but on Sundays, "they" substituted that curious Victorian product—Allegories (I am not forgetting Bunyan). I am bound to say that those that I remember had more sense in them than most of Maeterlinck's plays. "The House without a Background"—you looked through the ball-room windows and saw . . . *nothing*—was rather too philosophical; but it sufficed to make my small spirit crawl with its uncanniness, and to make me quite well agree that pantomimes and parties passed quickly by and needed something lasting "behind" them. The "Angel of the Iceberg!" . . . An angel, grieved because an iceberg had smashed a ship, got leave to melt the iceberg. It tried warm rugs—the rugs grew stiff, adhered to the iceberg, did no good. It lighted a fire: the fire went out in ashes and the melted patch froze again at night. It used a burning-glass—the glass melted but a tiny hole. Then suddenly the ice began to melt on its own account—it had swum into the Gulf Stream . . . "From which one might learn," not only about the Gulf Stream, but that no human effort could achieve anything divine, but that the Love of God, if one got into its current, would soon melt all the cruel ice within one's heart. . . All this, when I was certainly less than seven.

Then came Catechism. It began truculently: "What is your Name?"; yet mercifully, because anyhow one could answer that. Then, "Who gave you that name?" "My godfathers and godmothers in my baptism. . ." Thus I responded, because I knew I had to, not believing in it in the least. I did not think much of the only godfather I knew—he had given me silver mugs and what not; but I would have thought it incredible cheek if he had intruded on my name.

. . . However, it was all part of the mysterious uncomfortable beginning of a Sunday. (A special sort of tea, and special manifestations of affection, made the Sunday evening lovable. In church, I was interested in the windows and in the coloured markers of my Prayer Book, but I thought clergymen a second-rate crowd, who were only invited on "specialist"—not "special" occasions.) And that answer continued—"Wherein I was made a child of God, a member of Christ, and an inheritor of the Kingdom of heaven." I *could* not have understood that then, if anyone had troubled to explain it. (Baptism itself came later in the catechism along with the Lord's Supper; and so I connected it with something I'd understand when I was "rather older"—what grown-ups sometimes "stayed behind" for. When the Communion Service followed Mattins, your elders might "Stay Behind" for it: once in a way, they went to Early Service.) Meanwhile the Anglican Catechism was not *helping*. To me its gist consisted in your duty towards God and towards your neighbour. You were never given the chance of forgetting the latter . . . it concerned in the concrete your family, the servants, and the poor. You were always mulcted of a "tithe" of anything you were given for the poor; you were expected to be obedient to "parents" and considerate to the servants, which of course you were when you didn't want not to be. But loving God "with all my heart, with all my soul, and with all my strength" . . . suppose I asked "What's the difference between my heart and my soul?"—was I told? No. And no wonder. I briefly add, that in a Protestant school, then at any rate, you learnt Maclear's Old Testament History (as, I daresay, not so likely to involve the teacher in doctrinal difficulties as the New), and Religion became wholly an affair of Sentiment, as on Sunday evenings when you felt homesick and when the organ affected your spinal marrow.

Father Drinkwater (p. 13) speaks rather politely of the Anglican Catechism. I didn't like it. It added nothing to me at all. Without my previous education in terms of the Old and New Testaments it would have done nothing for me religiously—if, even so, it did anything. I resented the "fashion" which applies the adjectives "bloodthirsty," "spiritually low" and so forth to the Old Testament. It is full of tender intimacy and sufficed to give me a true "feeling" for God which the New Testament doubtless amplified and sweetened still further, but which never had to be excised.

Moreover its stories are *at least* as good as Homer's, and at seven, one doesn't read Homer. (When I did read Kingsley's *Heroes* and those other tales from Iliad and Odyssey, complete with Flaxman's illustrations, much as the authors had "arranged" Homer for childish ears, they still couldn't compare, I maintain, with, for example, the story of Absalom.)

It was not nothing that the first impressions of religion came by way of *love* (we often disregard that, save to lament that our schools so often cannot trust our homes!), and beauty. Beauty, in part, of sheer sound—catechisms do not profess to be literary and have "no beauty that we should desire" them—the Bible *sounded* more beautiful than anything else one heard or read: beauty also of imagery—a child's imagination can be stocked with a thousand lovely images, like Ruth, or the "little maid" who sent Naaman to Israel, or all the miracles and parables of the New Testament, or most of the Apocalypse that so overwhelmed me that I wept floods of ecstatic tears over it while exulting in its dragons and its precious stones: beauty, too, of music, since a solemn yet happy tune like that of "Holy, Holy, Holy," sung on Trinity Sunday, caught up phrases, beautiful anyway, and gave them an additional association, also beautiful. Good, too, that Beauty should be associated from the outset with the solemn and the holy. Modernist art, in revolt against the "pretty," has been making use of the ugly. I believe that de-Christianized minds are likely to lose altogether the sense of what is *beautiful*. Difficult, for such minds, to conceive of the truly Great; for the mechanized mind to see "beauty" in a machine unless by a new pathetic fallacy such a mind remembers it from elsewhere, and infuses it into the wheels and cogs and pistons. McAndrew's Hymn may show that that is possible! (I do not forget that much "religious art," which many love, is hideous. That will be precisely because those pictures or statues did once seem beautiful to a childish eye and grew beloved. You can stand in a church what you couldn't in your drawing-room, because of an association that makes the ugliness invisible. We may wish that our churches contained only the *best*: but we have no right to scorn those who love, for reasons that (perhaps regrettably) are not ours, the conventional, even, the mercantile).

Hence I admit the value of some "by heart" in childhood. Ingrained phrases make it difficult to assert the opposite later on, apart from questions of "beauty." Possibly

that "by heart" might well be hymns, and a nucleus of morning and night prayers. It is strange how men in delirium revert to childhood's prayers. I don't deny that when tired I hum babyish hymns to myself. . . . It would be interesting to see whether such men recite the catechism—I am sure that for me it wouldn't serve as substitute for the hymns. . . . The first hymn I learnt was "Jesus, gentle Shepherd": I loved it: I cannot see now one slur of false sentiment in it, and it contained plenty of simple doctrine, petition, thanks, and affection. "I could weep for mirth" seems to me a "false" line. You can "laugh till you cry" at the comic. And at best, Faber only wrote it to get a rhyme for "heaven on earth" which he clearly thought of first. Few hymns have been more parodied: but the perfectly art-less cannot be caricatured. As for that word "nucleus" of prayers, I meant by it, rather than "nucleus," a "framework" after all! I had a formula for night and evening prayers, but it included several pauses—"Has God done anything to-day that you want specially to thank Him for?" "Have you done anything you are specially sorry for?" Then one had to tell God so "in your own words," and, if one's wrongdoing had hurt anyone else, one had to wait and think out how to make up for it next day. And the motive? "Jesus wants us to love one another." Perfectly supernatural. To please our Lord—not to hurt our Lord.

When teaching at a school in distant and different days, I noticed that both grammar and catechism were known letter-perfect up to the middle classes, and then, less and less well. Outside examiners noticed the same thing. Too much grammar had been given even for the memory to retain; and no reason had been given for its formulas. "Why does Vergil say 'diffusa comam'?" Please sir, archaic; poetic license, sir; accusative of respect, sir." "But why can he say it? Why must he say it? What do *you* put for 'with floating hair'?" Blank faces: silence. You had to begin again, till they wrote "diffusa comam" without so much as having heard of a "rule." I certainly found that when giving "first instruction" in Latin (or anyway Greek), I always began with stories, with the concrete, with very few words and fewer rules, with persons, colours and *making things*. My satisfaction was complete when, having said: "Say *one* Greek word meaning 'to spend the whole day together with' someone—what *must* it have been?" A word

was supplied. "Now look it up in the dictionary." *It wasn't there.* Hoots of glad derision. For the moment, I said: "Well, anyhow, that's what it would have been. . ." But by a grace of God, the very next day I set an "unseen" from Lucian, and there was the very word. You don't begin with the formulas; but you begin with what is "three-dimensional" and you find yourself doing (because you are thinking) what can be "formularized."

Hence it is impressive to find that part of what (under the sanction of the Bishop of Leeds) has been added to the normal catechism consists of the Parables. Apparently a lack was felt. Hence I am ready to expect that a moment in education comes when *a* catechism should be introduced. But perhaps not one worded, or arranged, altogether like ours. At no time in a child's education do I welcome words like *maxim*, *prone*, which no child could or should use; or others, which it doesn't use in the technical sense of the catechism—"supreme"; "very": nor phrases like "this short life," since even an hour seems to a child's imagination long: I fear even "supernatural" is too hard: and I would unload a "first instruction" from anything to do with "secret societies" and even lists of virtues and vices or fruits or gifts of the Holy Ghost, since who in the world remembers them? And ought we to, since neither Isaias nor St. Paul ever meant to give some exhaustive or technical catalogue: as for the *cardinal* virtues, their origin is I think Stoic; and all these things so overlap as to be left to one side in favour of something simpler—who, in his actual life, reflects upon "cardinal virtues"? (And if we are told: Well, those parts always are left out of "catechism"—I would ask: *Are* they? And if so, it is not "this catechism" that we are using in our "first instructions," which is the main point at issue.)

I repeat, probably at some point or other the catechism—a catechism—should be made use of, but perhaps far more by teacher than by taught. Excellent for a grown-up to put order into his (her) ideas. I still ask myself whether the catechism order is an ideal one. For instance, the Church is mentioned as our Authority for believing in revelation before Our Lord has been mentioned (save in a quotation illustrating the prior value of the soul: I recall a small boy who said that his body required superior care precisely because it *could* die, while the soul couldn't. . . . Once he had that idea—his own: an original product—well in his skull, with what

difficulty must it have been extracted!). The mystery of the Trinity occurs before any explanation of the "Holy Ghost" does: must we hold up the catechism till we have explained His Name and Meaning? I confess I would have liked an explanation of the Catholic Faith which *ended* rather than began with the Creed. To pass to another "first" instruction, that of adult converts, which I am more familiar with than with that of children, all the more do I find myself wishing this.

Soon after the war, this very subject was discussed in the Catholic press. One ex-chaplain said that the catechism was ideal because all converts believed already in Christ, in God, in morality, and only needed to be shown *which* was the *true* Church. I can only suppose that men, who mostly believe nothing of the sort, felt that they would meet but little sympathy in him, and so, did not apply to him. "Who made you?" "God made me." Would the average man answer that? Of course not. He may be tempted to *assume* in some vague way the existence of God, expect to shock you if he says he is in reality blank upon the subject: but I think an instructor is well-advised to spend often a good month or two upon the Existence and Nature of God—let alone upon our consequent obligation. Here then is the catechism held up at the outset. Has the average Englishman the faintest idea of "revelation"? Equally of course not. Of a Revealer? Of Christ, His work and His Person? No. Possibly a sentiment still tints for him the personality of Christ; he may tend to admit in Him "the 100 % man" (to quote the last phrase I have had used to me): but you must be just so much on your guard against sentiment in the adult, as you must wisely foster it in the child. What will the man, who knows nothing about Jesus Christ our Lord, make of those questions 11 and 12 where I am told to know what God has revealed, by means of the Church, and that Jesus Christ gave authority to the Church so to teach me? I am again held up by the whole question of the Claims of Christ; and as for the authority of the Church, that is the last thing that such a catechumen can admit, if he is preserving any order in his thought at all. I perfectly well see that a Catholic child has not to have those things *first proved* to him which must first be proved to a non-Catholic adult (and even more, adolescent): but the book that has inspired this article enquires into the "first" instruction of children and *beginners*.

To finish rapidly—I cannot use the catechism with the ordinary adult convert for a long time: I end up by putting him through it, because I am told to. When I am told of those parish priests (I name neither land nor city) who appalled Pius X. by saying that catechizing was beneath their dignity and that they left it to lay-teachers, I am horrified: when I hear of those contemporary German priests who devote 28 hours a week to catechizing, I am edified, while I wonder what *method of catechizing* theirs may be. For I have said no word against catechizing, but have wondered what is the best method, best instrument, best moment of and for catechizing.

Perhaps after all, the upshot of this article is, that a long preparation of the mind is needed before either child or convert-adult can assimilate the catechism. The child can make use of imagination and sentiment; the adult must be drastically (in this land at any rate) made to "see reason." And both need an "after-instruction." Tragic, that children escape our schools having had an intellectual pabulum that they can't assimilate, or, a sentimental one that will not stand them in sufficiently good stead once they begin to think. Tragic, too, that converts may often get quite a good instruction mentally, and never have assimilated it "really." They possess the map: they do not really live in the new country. So sometimes they are tempted to return to what was familiar; sometimes, they do so, only to find that neither here nor there can they live.

Whilst I attach no special value at all to my own difficulties in using the catechism as it stands, at least till "instruction" be practically over, I am glad to have had occasion to draw attention to a remarkable little book, and to the fact that our catechism certainly provides a problem which is being vigorously discussed in many parts of the Catholic world.

C. C. MARTINDALE.

LIFE IN THE "CLOS-POULET"

SITTING by my window that gives on to the main street of a little town in the *Clos-Poulet*, I look out on all sorts and conditions of men.

It is as if scenes of some drama—or of many dramas—were being played before me; sometimes it is farce, sometimes it is comedy, and once in a while it is tragedy, that holds the stage. Or again, it is no drama at all, real or suggested; but only the placid current of a little life, full of customs and traditions and habits that are strange to me and unfamiliar, yet to those who live it only commonplace.

Across the way, for instance, is a long, low house with small uncurtained windows in its grimy face, and over the door that stands open from early morning till late at night, hangs a huge bunch of mistletoe. Every year when the *Sous-Préfet* orders the apple trees to be stripped, when the quays are white as if with scattered pearls, a new bunch is brought in from the country to replace the old one, now withered and brown, over the tavern door; a new bunch, big and shapely, but not berried, for that is all gone to keep Christmas across the water. And the trees are stripped so that the good sap which goes to the making of next year's cider-apples may not be wasted; but in spite of all orders, little sprigs are cunningly left here and there that will grow big before the end of summer. For the mistletoe has become one of the harvests of the *Clos-Poulet*.

The inn is the spot round which the life of the *bourg* centres, the place of meeting where all gossip is gathered (and added to), and the news of the small surrounding world is passed from mouth to mouth. The secrets of everyone in the parish find their way here sooner or later, for everyone in the parish comes, at some time or another, to sit in the sun on the benches outside the door and drink a mug of cider, or a *miq'* of brandy, or perhaps a *café à trois couleurs*; and the faces, as I watch out of my window, grow familiar to me and friendly.

The hostess herself, who comes and goes laden with mugs and glasses, is a tall, strongly-built woman of middle age who carries herself with an admirable dignity. She might best be described as soldierly, were it not that France, in spite of her conscription, seldom gives that quality to her peasants; that

poised vigour of a well-knit body that is in itself beautiful. With her black cloth skirt gathered till it builds a firm ledge round her waist, her coquettish *coiffe*, and the determined mouth set in her keen, gay, angry face, she is a typical *aubergiste*, and it is evident that she knows how to make herself obeyed. But, as she is, after all, a tavern-keeper to her trade, she has a kindly tolerance for excess that is practised in her own wares and a willing excuse for the follies born of a stomach full of cider—so long as the cider be her own. It is only when a man goes elsewhere that she is shocked.

"To make a beast of himself in a low place like that," she cries indignantly, "*oh, là, là, c'est-y dégoûtant!*"

And in the same breath she will go on to tell you that she sells some four hundred gallons of cider every week in the year, and more—much more—in the thirsty days of summer.

One of those that I see daily about her door is Le Coât, the old Breton. In the earlier part of the day when he is sober, he is the shyest and most mouse-like of old men, small, timid, his eyes blinking through touzled grey hair, like some pale fluffy owl. He wears a long black blouse in which his shrunken body is almost lost, and creeps up the street and into the tavern with the air of some truant from school. But as the day wears on he emerges and takes to hopping up and down in his straw-stuffed sabots, his claw-like hands waving to and fro and his eyes blinking excitedly out of the tangle of his hair, while he sings (if it can be called singing) all the time in Breton, having too little French to attempt a translation—which I gather is just as well. No one seems to pay any attention to him; he is left to himself until, at the same hour of every evening, his daughter comes to lead him off homewards, still dancing, singing, snapping his bony fingers, and struggling to find words in French.

"For he knows a little French—oh yes!" his daughter explains with resignation, "for ordinary things; but he has only Breton for his prayers and his *saletés de chansons*."

She sighs a little as she leads him away, herself sad-faced, gentle, with a world of patient melancholy in her dog-like eyes; leaving behind her, as it were, a picture of the old man, now crossing himself and repeating the ancient prayers his mother had taught him; now stamping, hopping, stammering in his desire to make himself understood. "*Vo' pas comprenne—oh, très rigolo, ce barza—*

'Nesquen de madoué . . .'"

There is another who frequents the inn and seems to spend all his time within the big kitchen in bad weather, on the bench outside when it is fine. This is a long, loose-limbed youth known as "Piweet," with a sweet foolishness about his smiling mouth. He comes, they tell me, of respectable folk who are shopkeepers in a little inland town, and who have sent their son from home because they felt him too humiliating a thing to have about the house. By what chance he came to this place, or why he is called a cobbler who certainly never does—nor is capable of doing—any work, I do not know; nor do I know whence he gets the money on which he lives. Perhaps his parents were willing to pay to be quit of him; perhaps Piweet himself, in a stray flash of shrewdness, made profit out of his misfortune. In any case, here he is, sitting all day before a mug of cider on the bench by the tavern door; a shambling figure topped by a small vague face, that is full of a pitiful empty sweetness. Yet I have heard it said that in a sudden fit of passion, he once killed a man. . . I do not know if it be true.

When he speaks, he trips over his words with a foolish giggle; but he speaks so seldom that there are many who have never heard his voice save in the plaintive cry of the plover. This he imitates to perfection and, when the mood is on him, repeats incessantly for an hour or more at a time. It is strange and a little disturbing to hear the shrill continuous cry—"Piweet! Piweet!"—ringing above the wholesome clatter of voices and sabots; and to look across at the pale merry foolish face of the 'diot who utters it.

A few weeks ago there was a small commotion in the *bourg*; a string of young men and women, shouting with laughter, danced down the street in the evening, singing the old traditional choruses of the Marriage-Walk, at their head a red-cheeked, bold-eyed girl dragging along with her one that stumbled over his feet like a two-year child. And above the noise and the singing, the squeals of the women and the shouts of the men, there rose the shrill and plaintive call—"Piweet! Piweet!" The neighbours ran to their doors excitedly.

"It's Piweet getting married and all—and isn't he set up with himself, the 'diot!'"

A couple of days later he was again on the bench beside the tavern door, but the *bonne-femme* laughed when she was questioned about him.

"Piweet's wedding? Oh, it was only a joke. She was a good-for-nothing, a girl from the streets, who emptied his pockets and went off next morning; and the fool thought he was married like other folk and was as proud as proud. Well, and it's all the wife he's like to get, such a 'diot as he is!'"

And Piweet sat there with no cup of cider before him, having no money left to pay for it; and he was not as usual smiling, but crying very silently, with the tears running down his puckered face. Piweet was such a 'diot that he had not understood.

Another who passes daily by my window is a huge old man, who, for three-quarters of the year is wrapped to the ears in a shaggy goatskin coat, a *peau-de-bique* as they call it here; only in the height of summer does he lay it aside. He has a bilious skin and an angry eye, and is always in a bad temper; yet he has an air of authority, and looks like a decayed seigneur—very decayed—with nothing but the habit of command left to him. I would like to place him in such an ancient farm as the Ville-ès-Nonais, with its tower and its orange-green tiles, its high iron gates and its cider-press, and the yard filled in autumn with great piles of red and golden apples and their strong fragrance; whereas he actually lives in a commonplace villa and owns much property in the neighbourhood, mainly in the way of the poorer houses in the *bourg*, and some outlying farms. He is a severe landlord, they say, and I am told, too, that he has given up going to Mass since he quarrelled with the curé; that he detests the English because he says that they are "too clean"; and uses such language that he is commonly known as "Monsieur Satan."

He drives at a footpace—I have never seen him walking—in a shabby old dogcart drawn by a very small and aged pony; an old poodle sits beside him, and a fat retriever, just the youngest of the party, waddles alongside. It appears that not long ago there was also his wife (whose seat the poodle has inherited), the oldest, they tell me, of them all. When she died, "Monsieur Satan" drove to her funeral with his pony and his dogs, swearing loudly at the hearse for going so fast; and every day since then he has gone to her grave to tell her his troubles—every day, sitting on her stone in the cemetery, and talking to her busily. They even say that he pauses for her to reply. . . And they say, too, that hard landlord though he may be to the idle or thriftless, he "bites with soft teeth," and under his *peau-de-bique* there is a soft heart.

"*Pour sûr*—" they add, with conviction, "when *celui-là* goes to Heaven, Saint Peter will open wide the gate!"

And here is a woman striding down the street, her rags even more outrageous than usual—doubtless she has been fighting again. This is La Cavalle, who holds a position of easy pre-eminence in the *bourg* as the dirtiest and drunkenest personage within it, as well as the most quarrelsome. Her husband, after a short trial of her, fled to seek for possible peace elsewhere; and since then, she has eked out a bare living by fishing and begging and stealing, and in her moments of leisure undertakes the education of her child. I saw the little creature lately—she cannot be more than three years old—stamping and stammering with rage, slapped with heavy hands, and ultimately ordered to "kiss the dirt" as an extreme of indignity; which she did with a piteous fury of humiliation, biting like a wild beast at the earth and beating it passionately with her little fists. I wonder whether, even if the *curé's* hopes come true, and she is put into the care of the *bonne-sœurs*, she can ever be anything but flesh and blood of her mother. And yet . . . the *bourg* says that La Cavalle has a good heart and, remembering, is patient with her.

It seems that some time ago there had been a small fair in the neighbourhood, and as the *forains* were moving away after it was over, La Cavalle, her petticoat full of stolen apples, was returning from a raid on the orchards. And by the roadside she found a little boy, hideous with disease, lying where he had been left by the people to whom he belonged. They knew the look of his illness and were frantic with fear of it. But La Cavalle dropped her apples then and there and, wrapping the child in her petticoat, slung him over her shoulder, and in an undress that scandalized all who saw her pass, carried him to the wretched hut where she lived. There, not too soberly or gently, but with unfailing courage, and going hungry herself to provide for him, she nursed the boy through a terrible attack of smallpox, as from the first she had known it to be; and presently falling ill herself (whereby the truth became known), came out into life again even more unlovely to look at than before. Yes, La Cavalle has somewhere, deep down and strictly out of sight, a "good heart"; and the *bourg*, remembering, is patient with her.

And so they pass on, a changing yet familiar procession, with here and there one that stands out a personality; or that

is branded by a nickname that suggests a story—a story that may yet remain unknown. For instance—*la dame blanche*.

I know nothing of her save that she always dresses in white; but the slim stooping figure and the veiled face slip through the streets like a shadow of the past. She lives all alone in a house of some size that I have always seen shuttered, and that has an unenclosed garden where the grass-grown flower-beds look like graves and the cottagers gather crops of hay; there is neither gate nor driving-way, and the only access is from a public footpath that runs across the unfenced ground. Nothing is to be seen but the tall, shuttered house where, they say, there is never a light in any window. But daily she flits through the streets with an almost ghostly lightness and silence; I have seen none speaking to her—nor have I seen her speak to anyone. And this is what the *bourg* says of her (and it is probably nonsense): that she was very rich and a great beauty at the Court—I suppose of the Third Empire—and that she has gone mad with her beauty and her vanity and her pride in herself. And now that she has lost her beauty, she goes veiled and hidden, passing by slim and white and furtive as a shadow on her way to and from the shuttered house where the grass-grown flower-beds look like graves.

These are some of the people that I see out of my window.

M. C. BALFOUR.

THE ICELANDIC MILLENARY

JUNE, 1930

DURING the late summer the romantic island of Iceland has been very much in the sun : not only in the sense that it enjoyed, for a spell, like other places situated on or near the Arctic Circle, days of nearly 24 hours duration, but also because it drew the attention of the outside world upon itself by celebrating with considerable pomp and circumstance the thousandth anniversary of its first Parliament,—the Althing, held in 930 by the founders of its constitution. It was then held on a curious sunken plain some 30 miles east of the capital, and the commemorative assembly of this year, attended by delegations from many other Parliaments, met on the same historic spot. The King of Denmark, the only link modern Iceland retains with the continental power which had ruled it from 1381 onwards, presided on this occasion, but, according to the constitution of 1918, the culmination of many years of agitation, even that link may be severed in 1940, when the Act of Union comes up for revision. Meanwhile, identity of sovereign is no bar to Iceland's unlimited independence, nor is Denmark's shadowy administration (till 1940) of her foreign relations, whilst, on the other hand, her inhabitants enjoy Danish citizenship and the use of Danish legations abroad. Large as the island is,—more than twice the size of Denmark and bigger than Ireland by some 6,000 square miles—it is free from the burden of army and navy, since it is outside the track of that international covetousness and greed that oppress less favoured lands. There is some advantage in proximity to the Arctic Circle!

It is surely a perversion of nomenclature that Greenland, which, coast and interior, is sheathed in ice and buried in snow all the year long, owing to the flow of the Arctic current, should bear that pleasant name, whereas Iceland, lapped in the embrace of the Gulf Stream, as little merits its forbidding title (except, indeed, along its north coast) as would the Orkneys.¹ The Gulf Stream, to which we ourselves owe so

¹ It is said that the Icelandic discoverer of Greenland named it so in order to encourage immigration! It is more probable that the climate has for some reason changed, in historic times, for the worse. Lord Dufferin, in his "Letters

much, does its best for Iceland, but cannot quite envelop it; so that drift-ice descends upon it from the north from time to time and helps to lower its temperature. Moreover, though it is in the same latitude as the lower part of Greenland, and much closer to America than to Europe, it is racially quite distinct. Its inhabitants are not Esquimaux—the reminder is really necessary—living in snow huts on blubber, but Europeans. Some photographs of Reykjavik school-children before us might, as far as dress and feature are concerned, have been taken in Great Britain or Ireland. Ethnologically, the Icelanders are Scandinavians with a certain Celtic strain; in fact, Irish hermits, in search of greater solitude than could be found at home, are said to have been the first settlers there. There is nothing impossible in this, for Ireland is as near as Norway, and the Culdee anchorites flourished in Scotland as well.¹ However, the hermits left when the heathen arrived, and the Celtic blood amongst the latter came from Irish prisoners of war or the Irish brides of the nobles.

In any case, the first immigrants known to history came from Norway in the latter half of the ninth century, driven by their love of liberty to escape the oppression of Harald Harfagri, who brought all the petty principalities under his sole sway. Other Norwegians, earlier exiles from the mainland, came via the "Western Isles," *i.e.*, the Faroes, the Hebrides, etc., where they had made a temporary home. Early next century, there was a fresh immigration from Norway, so that in a comparatively short time some 50,000 people had settled on the island, the founders of a flourishing republic. The immigrant chieftains brought with them a civilization ready made and their own loose tribal form of government, well enough suited for a small community. About the year 930, a central assembly for the whole island, the Althing, was set up, and, in spite of several later attempts at annexation by Norwegian kings, the land remained independent till 1262, when the rule of Norway finally supplanted that of the

from High Latitudes," mentions (p. 33) that the Icelandic colony in Greenland became so populous that, in a short time, it was made an episcopal see, and that there is extant (1448) a papal Brief, "granting to the Pope's beloved children of Greenland, in consideration of their having erected many sacred buildings and a splendid Cathedral," a new bishop and a fresh supply of priests. Yet fifty years later, this flourishing colony, cathedral, churches, monasteries and all, suddenly disappears, wiped out perhaps by an overwhelming flood of ice from the North.

¹ Reykjavik is about 900 miles from Leith, less than two days' journey in an ocean liner, but about four in the small vessels actually employed.

chiefs, weakened by civil strife. Thenceforward, the prosperity of the island steadily declined, the more so when Denmark, becoming suzerain over Norway at the end of the fourteenth century (1381), deprived the dependency of its few remaining rights. The material progress of the country was definitely checked by this alien rule, although literature still flourished, especially in the monasteries.

Christianity had been formally introduced in 1000 and, by 1056, a Catholic Bishopric was established and a second, half a century later. The island was divided into 175 parishes. In course of time, several Benedictine and Augustinian foundations were established, which were centres of learning and civilization, and fostered Iceland's connection with educated Europe. These establishments grew rich; one Benedictine house maintained 67 prosperous estates, another 56; with the natural result of exciting, when the Reformation occurred, the cupidity of rulers of alien faith. It was Lutheran Denmark, under Christian III., that added spiritual ruin to the material loss its government had brought upon Iceland. The Danes forced the Protestant religion upon their unhappy subjects, dissolved the Catholic hierarchy, plundered the Church, as their contemporary, Henry VIII., was doing in England, and executed the last Catholic Bishop, Jón Arason (1550). By degrees, Catholicism was completely exterminated, although at one time in the island, besides the Religious, there were 300 secular clergy and over 200 churches. For nearly three centuries no Catholics were allowed to live in Iceland.¹ Yet the brand of Protestantism forced by King Christian on the country, the milder form expressed in the Confession of Augsburg,² retained many external affinities with the old faith, and to-day, we are told, whatever may have been in the past, there is a marked absence of bigotry amongst the Protestant clergy. In the Reykjavik museum are preserved many relics of Catholic times—chalices, pectoral crosses, reliquaries, altar-stones, embroidered vestments—showing that ecclesiastical art, at any rate, had then made great progress. All that culture came to an end, when the blight of the Reformation—that rising of the rich against the poor, as someone has called it—fell upon

¹ It is singular that in the Scandinavian countries remnants of the anti-Catholic legislation, such as England was shamed into rescinding a century ago, are still to be found on the statute books.

² Oddly enough the four-hundredth anniversary of the Augsburg Confession was celebrated on the opening day of the Icelandic Millenary.

the land and blotted out the chief inspirer of art and culture, the Catholic Church. Its five and a half centuries of Catholicity formed one of the most glorious epochs of Icelandic history, nor were the results wholly destroyed for, under Lutheran auspices, many beautiful hymns, notably about the Passion, were added to its literature.

In addition to centuries of misgovernment, the subject population of Iceland had various natural plagues to encounter. Volcanic eruptions, earthquakes, floods and famines, have time and again taken heavy toll of the population and of its hardly-won resources. Outpourings of lava and showers of poisonous ashes have made enormous inroads upon farmland and pasture, yet this sorely-tried people have never lost heart. Lord Dufferin, who in 1856, first brought Iceland vividly before the general English public by his brilliant little book, "Letters from High Latitudes,"¹ later on, when Governor of Canada, interested himself in furthering Icelandic immigration into that country, and established there colonies which number about 40,000. For these reasons the actual inhabitants of Iceland, though now increasing steadily, are yet no more than 107,000, only double the total of eight centuries ago.

But things are at last definitely on the up-grade. The first necessity was the recovery of independence. It took forty years of agitation to accomplish the restoration of the Althing, which had been suppressed in 1800, and thirty more years before, in 1874, home rule was achieved. The year 1918, as we have seen, brought recognition of Iceland's full sovereignty. Catholicism came back in 1859, when two French priests took up their abode at Reykjavik. They made no headway against the bigotry they then met; one left very soon, and the other, after persevering till 1875 and sowing in tears, also returned to France. He had won freedom of worship for Catholics in the previous year, yet was too broken down to enjoy it. When Father J. Splaine, S.J., visited Iceland ten years later he found only two Catholics there, and a neat but deserted church.² Ten years later still, in 1895, the Icelandic Mission was undertaken, first by certain secular priests from Denmark and after some years by the Marist Fathers. Père Meulenberg, the pioneer of that Society, who ministered at first to only four

¹ Eleventh Edition, 1903.

² See "To Iceland and Back," in *THE MONTH*, December, 1885.

Catholics, now rules as the first Bishop of the restored Icelandic hierarchy. He was consecrated last year by Cardinal van Rossum, and has a fine Cathedral in the capital, also inaugurated at the same time. His flock is estimated at about two hundred, raised in the summer season by numbers of Breton fishermen. There is, happily, every prospect that, with the rapid increase of material prosperity, the spiritual fortunes, also, of the island, will speedily advance. The inhabitants, as we have noted, retain not a little of the Catholic spirit. Father Splaine, forty-five years ago, could find no trace of anti-Catholic prejudice, and he was assured that another Catholic priest, to take the place of the Abbé Baudoin, would be heartily welcomed. The Sisters of St. Joseph de Chambéry have now a flourishing school at Reykjavik, with about 200 pupils, the majority, of course, Protestant. The people generally would be glad of the return of those Religious bodies whose learning brought such credit to the island in the past. Accordingly, with the development of the country's resources, especially the means of transport, and the increase of population, the Church too may be counted on to develop.

There is, indeed, abundant room for the race to grow, and it is doing so. Dufferin in 1856 found only about 800 people in Reykjavik: now there are nearly 27,000. Old as it is, the country is manifesting all the vitality of a young community. In the past, lack of facilities of communication has greatly retarded the country's progress. Dufferin and other visitors comment on the entire absence of roads. All supplies for isolated farms, including coal, had to be carried with immense labour on pony-back. But this century has seen a wonderful advance. Telegraphic and telephonic communication—a necessity rather than a luxury in a land of widely-scattered homesteads—has been greatly developed, and carriage roads outside the towns have grown in mileage from 320 in 1917 to 1,000 to-day, and are constantly extending. The expenditure on roads, bridges, etc., is reckoned at £50,000 per annum. There are no railways, and probably never will be, for upwards of a thousand motor-cars are already using the lengthening roads.

But, pending the development of her mineral resources, again a matter largely of transport, the chief wealth of Iceland lies in her teeming seas. She possesses the biggest and most powerful steam-trawling fleet in the world, which does a

yearly trade of about £5,000,000, in cod, herring, and shark. Her agriculture is mainly pastoral; where vegetation can exist at all, a rich grass grows abundantly and could support many more sheep and cattle and horses than at present. A sort of rye forms the only cereal crop, although, as Dufferin says (*Op. cit.* p. 94) "In Iceland we have undoubted evidence of corn having been formerly grown as well as of the existence of timber of considerable size." Although the line denoting the northern limit of trees divides the country midway, it is only in very sheltered spots that the birch and the willow reach a height of even 20 feet. More attention is now being paid to arboriculture, for if trees could be grown extensively enough to provide their own shelter, the bareness of the valleys could be very profitably covered. It is the fierceness and frequency of gales that make afforestation a difficult matter; the wind, laden with sand and lava dust, is said to be strong enough to mould and carve exposed rock-surfaces, just as it does in tropical deserts. There is no unemployment amongst a community which can alternate farming and fishing, and find both very profitable.

One advantage denied to more favoured lands consists in many parts of the island having hot water "laid on," without cost and in inexhaustible abundance. Already a section of Reykjavik is thus admirably provided, the water being conducted in pipes from the thermal springs and utilized for cooking and heating and bathing. Schools are thus provided with swimming baths; hospitals supplied with graduated temperatures; greenhouses so effectually kept warm that all manner of tropical fruit can be raised therein. Thus the country itself provides an antidote against one climatic drawback: cold. Whenever its numerous and torrential rivers are harnessed for the production of cheap electricity, and perhaps its stormy winds compelled to work for the same end, the kindred demon of darkness will be similarly exorcised. According to a *Times* correspondent (July 25th) the rivers can supply about 4 million h.p. units for the provision of electricity, only a fraction of which has yet been used.

But although an immense amount of development is still possible, and when realized will make Iceland a populous and prosperous community, yet, until some use is found for lava and cinder and snow, the interior must always remain, what Dufferin (*Op. cit.* p. 86) calls it—"a tremendous desert; piled up for thirty thousand square miles in disordered pyramids of

ice and lava . . . periodically devastated by deluges of molten stone or boiling mud, or overwhelmed with whirlwinds of intermingled snow and cinders—an unfinished corner of the universe, where the elements of chaos are still allowed to rage with unbridled fury." However, perhaps on that very account—as affording an exhibition of primeval forces at work—it will draw the inhabitants of more orderly lands in curiosity to its shores; nowhere else on the face of the globe can be seen such unique phenomena on such a scale, so many strange and terrible aspects of nature.

There are 107 known volcanoes in the island, with at least 2,000 craters, large and small: there are more than 120 glaciers: there are countless lakes, one, about 27 square miles in extent and of a uniform depth of only 8 or 9 feet!: there are the famous geysers. There is also the curious sunken plain of Thingvellir, ten miles broad, and 100 feet below the surrounding level, the rivers that flow into it forming a mighty lake at its base. Put only 500 miles nearer, Iceland would surely form the summer playground of the leisured inhabitants of Europe as Switzerland forms their winter. No doubt, the go-ahead rulers of this tiny nation endowed with so vast and mysterious a territory, will presently add swift and comfortable passenger steamers to their commercial fleet and thus more than halve the time now taken to traverse the 900 odd miles from the ordinary port of embarkation, Edinburgh. But the picturesque interior must first be made more accessible and provided with better accommodation for visitors. Then visitors will come—the adventurous, the sporting, the scientific, the artistic. It may well be that fame awaits the first painter that transfers to canvas the weirdly-coloured and strangely-contorted landscapes of this volcanic region.

Without going to Iceland, however, one can enjoy her finest and most praiseworthy product, her literature. It is strange that this long-deserted island, so remote from the centres of European culture, should yet have created so great a volume of historical and imaginative work. At first, of course, the immigrants, whether from Norway or the Celtic parts of the British Isles, brought with them their own bards and writers: so the earliest Icelandic literature is cast in moulds already existent. According to Professor York Powell this imported literature included "a magnificent school of poetry . . . to which we owe works that for power and beauty can be paralleled in no Teutonic language till centuries

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after their date." What is really characteristic of Iceland is the Saga, a prose-poem on the life of some hero, intended for recitation. This literary form arose, apparently, on the introduction of Christianity, and some critics attribute the perfection it reached to contact with the bardic masterpieces of Ireland. However, we cannot discuss this large and interesting subject here: we have mentioned it merely to banish the notion that literary culture was a late and rare flower in that region of fire and frost, and to show that the modern Iclander, so keen on the pursuit of letters, is in thorough harmony with the traditions of his past.

Catholics everywhere who are catholically-minded should be keenly interested in the fortunes of what was once, and what may be again, an outpost of the Faith. It is to be hoped that the emergence of Iceland from her northern mists during this millenary year may be permanent. The devotion of her students to their own history and literature, so long imbued with the spirit of Catholicism, moreover, the entire absence of European polemics from their tradition, tends to produce a favourable atmosphere for the growth of Catholicism. Under its new Bishop and with the help of a native clergy, to one of whom, Father Jón Svensson, S.J., we have been indebted for much information, the prospects of the Faith in Ultima Thule are decidedly good.

JOSEPH KEATING.

THE "MR. W. H." OF SHAKESPEARE'S SONNETS

ONE of the most perplexing of the Shakespearian controversies debated in these latter years is that which has raged over the identity of the "Mr. W.H.," who is described in the *editio princeps* of 1609 as "the onlie begetter of these insuing sonnets." That Shakespeare himself had nothing to do with the printing of this booklet seems to be admitted on all hands. It was a pirated edition. As early as 1598 we know from Francis Meres's "Palladis Tamia," issued in that year, that some of Shakespeare's sonnets were already in circulation. They were, no doubt, passing from hand to hand in written copies. No one who has not studied the subject can form any idea of the extent to which similar books were still read in manuscript during Elizabethan and Jacobean days.¹ In any case it is certain that Meres, full five years before the death of Queen Elizabeth and eleven years before there is any trace of a printed edition, wrote of Shakespeare's sonnets in the following terms: "As the soul of Euphorbus was thought to live in Pythagoras, so the sweet witty soul of Ovid lives in mellifluous and honey-tongued Shakespeare; witness his *Venus and Adonis*, his *Lucrece*, his sugared sonnets among his private friends, etc." To my thinking this one sentence, as to the wording and the date of which no dispute is possible, would suffice by itself, even if confirmatory evidence were lacking, to establish the Shakespearian title to the authorship of the poems and plays against all pretended rival claims. Admitting, merely for argument's sake, that it would have been deemed derogatory to a person of quality to be associated with the production of dramas acted on a public stage, what conceivable motive had Francis Bacon, or the Earl of Oxford, or the Earl of Rutland, or any other person who had written sonnets, for circulating them under Shakespeare's name among Shakespeare's private friends? And even supposing that for some reason the author of such poems wished to disguise his identity, why should

¹ See THE MONTH, March, 1895, pp. 387—389. Numerous copies of such a work as "Leicester's Commonwealth," written by scribes, are still to be found in our great libraries; and cf. Sir Sidney Lee, "Life of Shakespeare," 3rd Ed., p. 88 n.

he select for his stalking-horse a young actor who, according to the favourite Baconian contention was so notoriously illiterate that he could hardly write his own name?¹ Be this as it may, in 1609 a scrivener's copy of the sonnets seems to have come into the hands of one Thomas Thorpe, who was a publisher in a small way of business. He saw that the poems were saleable, and, having obtained the license of the Stationers' Company, he got the book printed under the title "Shake-speare's Sonnets" without any other preliminary matter than the following dedication :

TO . THE . ONLIE . BEGETTER . OF
THESE . INSVING . SONNETS .
MR. W.H. . ALL . HAPPINESSE .
AND . THAT . ETERNITIE .
PROMISED .
BY .
OVR . EVER-LIVING . POET .
WISHETH .
THE . WELL-WISHING .
ADVENTVRER . IN .
SETTING .
FORTH .
T.T.

Who was "Mr. W.H." ? Four theories in particular have been propounded which have all enjoyed a certain amount of favour. The first, which was very strongly supported by some critics in the last century, identifies the initials with those of William Herbert, Earl of Pembroke. The unanswerable objection to this view is that no one could have dreamed of describing that nobleman, who since 1601 had succeeded to the earldom and who had previously been known by the courtesy title of Lord Herbert, as plain "Mr. W.H." There

¹ I shall, no doubt, be told that when Meres, Ben Jonson and a dozen other contemporaries wrote of "Shakespeare," they did not mean the actor of Stratford, but only the author of the plays and poems, whom they knew to be quite another person. But this mystification conspiracy, while preposterous enough on the supposition that Bacon was the real author, becomes tenfold more extravagant in the case of the rival claimant to immortality, Edward de Vere, Earl of Oxford. Bacon, at any rate, was alive when the first folio was published and for some years afterwards, and it is conceivable that he might have had means of binding over Jonson and others to keep his secret. But Oxford died in 1604. He was not a popular or lovable man. In religious matters he was a time-server, and there is no intelligible reason why Shakespeare's fellow-actors should have gone on perjuring themselves for 20 years after Oxford's death; while surely they must have known whether their old companion or some other wrote the plays ascribed to "Shakespeare."

are also other improbabilities which have been set out by Sir Sidney Lee, but which need not concern us here. So far as my researches enable me to judge, this solution has now been completely abandoned.

The second theory suggests that in consequence of the rather compromising nature of these effusions, apparently addressed by the poet to a youthful Antinous, the identity of the "begetter," i.e., the person who inspired the poet's muse, has been camouflaged. According to this view, "Mr. W.H.," the initials having been inverted, stands for Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, to whom Shakespeare himself without disguise had previously dedicated the printed editions of *Venus and Adonis* (1593) and *Lucrece* (1594). The majority of the sonnets were in all probability written at this period or even earlier, at a time when Southampton was 18 or 19 and the poet 28. There are certainly very strong reasons, which have appealed to critics whose line of approach is so divergent as that of Sir Sidney Lee and Dr. Gerald Rendall, for believing that Sonnets 1 to 126 were originally addressed to no other than the Earl of Southampton,¹ but this, of course, does not prove that Thomas Thorpe in his pirated edition had any intention of invoking the patronage of that nobleman by declaring that "Mr. W.H." was its only begetter. Still it is possible that he persuaded himself that the Earl would be flattered by this obscure recognition of his connection with a work which so justifiably claimed immortality. To me it seems difficult to believe that the author of the sonnets did not intend his verse to be transcribed, circulated and ultimately sent to the press. How could he hope that the promise made in sonnets 55, 60, 81, etc., could be fulfilled if only a single perishable copy were in existence consigned to his idol's keeping? Surely a wide publicity was contemplated by the poet who wrote:

Not marble, not the gilded monuments
Of princes, shall outlive this powerful rhyme;
But you shall shine more bright in these contents
Than unswept stone, besmeared with sluttish time.

Or again:

Your monument shall be my gentle verse,
Which eyes not yet created shall o'er-read
And tongues to be your being shall rehearse,
When all the breathers of this world are dead.

¹ See in particular Rendall, "Shakespeare's Sonnets and Edward de Vere" (1930), pp. 130-132, 293-294.

It may be that the nature of the poems and their very personal application stood in the way of their being given to the press, but the author knew well that such lucubrations were circulated in scribes' copies, confided to those who would not take scandal and were likely to use them with discretion. As already noted, we learn from Francis Meres in 1598 that this was actually the case. It is possible, then, that Thomas Thorpe hoped that Southampton, now a man of 36, would not be displeased if "that eternitie promised by our ever-living poet" was brought nearer realization by a printed edition which introduced in a disguised form the name of the addressee.

A third view, which was that favoured by the late Sir Sidney Lee, holds that "Mr. W.H." is simply William Hall, himself a member of the Stationers' Company, who, it is assumed, had managed to secure a copy of the sonnets and had made it over to Thomas Thorpe to publish the book as a commercial venture of his own. Without denying the admissibility of this suggestion, it must be said that the arguments which support it are far from being conclusive. "Mr. W.H." may have been the "onlie begetter" of the book in the sense that, without his copy of the text, Thorpe would not have known of it or been able to get it printed, but there is no evidence that William Hall did ever possess such a copy or that he had any friendly or commercial relations with T.T. The solitary fact which suggests any transaction of the kind is something quite remote, and this strangely enough, brings us in contact with a publication of a very different order, then associated with the name of one of the most honoured of our beatified martyrs, Father Robert Southwell, S.J. Three years before the printing of "Shake-speare's Sonnets," a booklet had been issued with the title "A Fourefould Meditation of the foure last things . . . composed in a Divine Poeme by R.S. the author of S. Peter's Complaint." The dedication of this work, addressed to one Matthew Saunders Esquire, is signed W.H., who may, or may not, be identical with the publisher William Hall. W.H. recommends the Meditations to the notice of Mr. Saunders on the ground of their being "divine and religious"; to which he adds:

Long have they lien hidden in obscuritie, and happily (sic) had never seene the light, had not a mere accident conveyed them to my hands. But, having seriously per-

used them, loath I was that any who are religiously affected, should be deprived of so great a comfort, as the due consideration thereof may bring unto them.

Despite the title page of the 1606 edition, it is practically certain that the "Fourefould Meditation" cannot be ascribed to "R.S., the author of S. Peter's Complaint." As pointed out in these pages nearly 35 years ago,¹ there can be no reasonable doubt that the poem was written by Philip, Earl of Arundel, also a beatified English martyr, although it is likely enough that the first draft was submitted to and revised by his friend and director, Father Southwell.

Sir Sidney Lee was of opinion that the W.H. who signed the dedication to Matthew Saunders must be identical with the publisher, William Hall, and also with the W.H. who is commemorated as the "onlie begetter" of the sonnets. On the somewhat slender ground of his connection with the "Fourefould Meditation," Sir Sidney attributed to Hall "the recognized rôle of procurer" of such literary manuscripts which he made over for a consideration to more prosperous publishers. But there is really no evidence for this. Sir E. K. Chambers, the distinguished author of "The Mediæval Stage," seems to me thoroughly justified in saying that "although it is just possible that 'begetter' might mean, not 'inspirer,' but 'procurer for the press,' the interpretation is shipwrecked on the obvious identity of the person to whom Thorpe 'wishes' eternity with the person to whom the poet 'promised' that eternity."

A fourth suggestion as to the identity of "Mr. W.H." is furnished by the late Mrs. C. C. Stopes, a life-long investigator of Shakespeare problems. She argues that the printed edition of the sonnets might, with propriety, have been dedicated to Sir William Harvey, the third husband of Southampton's mother. He had always befriended the son and was interested in all that tended to his exaltation in the popular esteem. Mrs. Stopes urged that the use of the form "Mr. W.H.," while fatal to any identification with the Earl of Pembroke, was quite admissible in the case of a simple

¹ I may be pardoned perhaps for calling attention to my old article, printed in THE MONTH, Jan. 1896, pp. 32—50. The fact is that a note contributed to the *Review of English Studies* (April, 1929, pp. 201—202), by H. J. L. Robbie, seems to claim Lord Arundel's authorship of the "Fourefould Meditation" as a new discovery. In the same MONTH article (Jan. 1896) will be found some other specimens of Blessed Philip Arundel's verse printed in the same volume with his translation of Lanspergius' "Epistle of Jesus Christ to the Faithful Soul," second edition.

knight. "Sir," she writes, "was not a title in the same way as Earl or Baron. Lady Southampton always called her husbands in correspondence, 'Master Heneage' and 'Master Harvey,' though both of them were knights.'" ¹ This may be true, but though Dr. Furnivall and the German scholar, Dr. Brandl, seem to have adopted Mrs. Stopes' solution, the promise of immortality is hardly less out of place as addressed to Sir William Harvey than it would have been in the case of William Hall.

Of the four theories referred to, the identity of "Mr. W.H." with Hall the publisher has of late acquired a certain fictitious importance owing to the use made of it to support the cause of a comparatively new claimant to the Shakespearian throne, to wit, Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford. Ignoring completely the plain testimony of Ben Jonson, and of others, Shakespeare's fellow actors, who were responsible for the production of the first folio, scornful of the evidence which shows that not a little of the dramatist's best work was produced after the year 1604 when Oxford died, a certain number of critics have recently striven to glorify that nobleman's literary genius and to assign to him the principal share in the composition, not only of the plays, but of the *Venus and Adonis*, the *Lucrece*, and the Sonnets. I have done my best to make acquaintance with what has been written in favour of Oxford's claim, ² and I must protest upon my conscience, that I have found nothing to support it, but a number of slight resemblances of thought, diction, or imagery between the modest remains which can be identified with the Earl of Oxford and the vast store-house of ideas preserved to us in what are known as the works of Shakespeare. ³ The diligence of the authors,

¹ Mrs. C. C. Stopes, "The Life of Henry, Third Earl of Southampton" (1922), p. 344.

² The principal books are J. T. Looney, "'Shakespeare' identified in Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford" (1920); "Poems of Edward de Vere," edited by J. T. Looney (1921); B. R. Ward, "The Mystery of Mr. W. H." (1923); B. M. Ward, "The Seventeenth Earl of Oxford" (1928); Percy Allen, "The Case for Edw. de Vere as William Shakespeare" (1930); Gilbert Standen, "Shakespeare Authorship" (1930); Gerald Rendall, "Shakespeare's Sonnets and Edward de Vere" (1930).

³ I am not ignoring the attempt made by Mr. Percy Allen and the rest to show that the plays are studded with political allusions which amongst other things justify the supposition of a sort of secret committee for national propaganda of which Oxford was the directing spirit. But it is almost as easy for the ingenuity of the devout enthusiast to find such allusions as it was for Mr. Donnelly and Mrs. Gallup to discover ciphers. Neither can I perceive any argument of value in Dr. Rendall's long letter to the *Times Literary Supplement* (Sept. 25, 1930) on "Shakespeare's Handwriting and Orthography." The assumption that the *editio princeps* was set up from the author's own MS. seems to me purely gratuitous. And what about "A Lover's Complaint," the spelling of which is indistinguishable from that of the Sonnets?

whose names I have mentioned in a foot-note, has raked together every conceivable trace of a parallel,¹ but if they had expended the same time and trouble upon the writings of almost any prominent verse-writer of the period, they would have been able, I submit, to find as many, or far more, striking analogies. In such an age of literary expansion, the same conceits, the same thoughts, the same extravagances, were in the air, and were common to all who rose a little above mediocrity. Shakespeare's genius has in many cases given them perfect expression, but we can claim for him no monopoly in the ideas of which he made use. Just as the themes he wrote upon were none of them original creations, so much so that he exposed himself to the reproach of being "beautified in others' feathers," so with his wonderful power of assimilation he absorbed the Latinized phraseology of the students of the classics, the courteous refinement of the gallants, the coarse directness of speech among the mob, the *préciosité* of the Euphuists, and made it all his own. His gift, as it strikes me, was analogous to that of some exceptional individuals in their power of acquiring new languages. When we happen to find an Englishman who talks Arabic or Chinese with a facility and a command of idiom which makes him indistinguishable from the most highly educated native—and this occurs for the most part without concentrated desk-work; it seems an instinct—we accept the fact as a phenomenon, without attempting to prove that the man is really an Oriental who has been changed at nurse. The Baconians and their congeners cannot reconcile themselves to the mystery of the Stratford rustic who has learned a new language and they are willing to swallow any absurdity so long as it will help them to believe that the genius who wrote the plays was not, in fact, himself, but another man under the same name.

Outside the analogies which have been traced between the language of Oxford's poems and the Shakespearian text, I find nothing which can seriously be treated as evidence in favour of the new claimant. In default of anything better, the champions of the cause have eagerly seized upon the suggestion that the Mr. W.H. to whom the printed edition of the sonnets was dedicated, is to be identified with William Hall, the publisher, and that this William Hall is also the W.H.

¹ On the question of the alleged topical allusions in the plays, upon which the Oxfordians build so much, see especially Sir Edmund Chambers' new work, "William Shakespeare, a Study of Facts and Problems."

who was instrumental in sending to the press the "Fourefould Meditation," attributed to "R.S., the Author of S. Peter's Complaint." Assuming these conjectures to be correct, Col. B.R. Ward, in his book "The Mystery of Mr. W.H.," after exhaustive researches at Hackney, was able to show that a marriage took place at Hackney on August 4, 1608, between a certain William Hall and Margery Gryffyn, and also that this Margery Gryffyn was probably, or at any rate possibly, identical with the Margaret Gryffyn who, according to the Parish Register of St. Saviour's, Southwark, was born there on December 28, 1592, being the daughter of Edward Gryffyn, a scrivener. The name of "Mr. Griffin" who lived at the sign of the Hatchet, occurs in the Henslowe papers. As Hall the publisher was an apprentice in 1577, he can hardly have been born much after 1560, and would, therefore, have been 48 when he married this young girl not yet 16. Still such matches undoubtedly did take place. The main point, however, is that Hall apparently lived at Hackney at the time when the Countess of Oxford, the Earl's second wife, in 1609 vacated her house there, called Kings Place, where her husband had died five years earlier. Col. Ward's conclusion is that when the house was given up, a copy of the Sonnets, called Shakespeare's, but of which Oxford was the real author, must have been discovered, that these found their way into the hands of the Hackney resident, William Hall, that he made them over to Thorpe, and that Thorpe thereupon got them printed with a grateful dedication in which he promised immortality to Mr. W.H. as their "onlie begetter." This is the sum total of the external evidence upon which the proof is founded that the Earl of Oxford was mainly responsible for the whole collection of poems and plays which we call Shakespeare's.

Now even if it could in any way be shown that only one copy of the Sonnets was ever made, the deduction that this copy was in the possession of Oxford's widow, that she left it behind, and that the *editio princeps* was set up from the manuscript so obtained, would be rash enough in all conscience. But we know that eleven years earlier Meres was already aware that copies were in the hands of Shakespeare's private friends,¹ and we know also that two of the sonnets had been

¹ As Sir Sidney Lee points out ("Life," p. 88 n.), "the sonnets of Sidney, Watson, Daniel and Constable, long circulated in manuscript, had suffered much the same fate as Shakespeare's at the hands of piratical publishers."

actually printed in Jaggard's "Passionate Pilgrim" (1599). Moreover, we may ask ourselves: Did the copy supposed to have been found at Hackney bear the heading "Shakespeare's Sonnets"? It does not seem quite likely that Oxford would have prefixed such a title to his own copy of his own poems. But on the other hand, if the manuscript bore no title and no other copy of the poems was obtainable, how did Thorpe know that they ought to be called Shakespeare's Sonnets? Was Shakespeare a sort of public trustee to whom all otherwise unidentifiable literary property was automatically conveyed? And why on earth should the poems not have been printed as "The Earl of Oxford's Sonnets"? The whole situation created by this supposed cryptic authorship seems to me absolutely crazy.

But apart from the wholly conjectural character of the story which makes the same W.H. the procurer both of the "Fourefould Meditation" and of the Sonnets, there is at least one positive objection to the association of William Hall the publisher with either undertaking. We have no information at all regarding this member of the Stationers' Company beyond the fact that he is entered in their Registers as the publisher of certain books. If the volumes accredited to him are examined, it will be found that these works are for the most part pronouncedly religious and Protestant, and in all cases free from any taint of moral laxity. We have a number of sermons by Bishops and divines of the Church of England many of which are bitterly anti-Catholic, for example two railing sermons by John Tynley, and another by A. Chapman entitled "Jesuitisme described under the name of Babylon's Policy." I find it hard to believe that this same William Hall can have exerted himself to secure the publication of the "Fourefould Meditation" describing the poem in his signed dedication to Matthew Saunders as "divine and religious" etc. Surely a man of these sympathies would have hesitated to recommend such a tribute to our Blessed Lady as the following. It is subjoined to a description of the nine choirs of angels.

Above them all the Virgin hath a place
Which made the world with comfort to abound.
The beams do shine in her unspotted face
And with the stars her head is richly crowned.
In glory she all creatures passeth far,
The moon her shoes, the sun her garments are.

O Queen of Heaven ! O pure and glorious sight !
 Most blessed thou above all women art !
 This city drunk thou makest with delight,
 And with thy beams rejoicest every heart ;
 Our bliss was lost, and thou didst it restore,
 The Angels all and men do thee adore.

Lo ! here the look which Angels do admire !
 Lo ! here the spring from whom all goodness flows !
 Lo ! here the sight which men and Saints desire !
 Lo ! here the stalk on which our comfort grows !
 Lo ! this is she whom heaven and earth embrace ;
 Whom God did choose and filléd full of grace.¹

Hardly less difficult is it to believe that a publisher whose connection seems to have been formed on strongly religious lines, would welcome the dedication to himself as the "onlie begetter" of so compromising a work as the Shakespeare Sonnets. And here to my thinking lies the crux of the whole matter. We have grown so accustomed to regard Shakespeare as a classic and to venerate his genius that we have been determined to construe innocently all that might contain ground for offence. But, regretfully as we must say it, the Sonnets in their plain and obvious meaning point to a plague spot which, beginning in the neo-paganism of the Italian renaissance, had by degrees infected the more dissolute and godless among young men of fashion throughout Europe. When the question is asked why it was that these verses, from a literary point of view so supremely beautiful, were only once printed in more than forty years, the answer seems to me very plain. The moral sense of contemporaries considered them corrupt, and the moral sense of contemporaries is not likely to have been mistaken. The greater number of the Sonnets, it is generally agreed, were written before 1594. The collection was printed as a whole in 1609 and after that not again until 1640. When this new edition at last appeared, what do we find ? The matter cannot be better stated than in the words of the late Mr. Frank Mathew's thoughtful study "An Image of Shakespeare."

When John Benson [he says] printed the Sonnets as "Poems" in 1640, he grouped them in a different order and under separate headings, and did this in such a way

¹ The Earl of Arundel's "Fourefould Meditation," stanzas 96—98.

that nearly all of them seemed addressed to a woman, and omitted several, including the one which has the verses :

Oh know, sweet love, I always write of you,
And you and Love are still my argument,

and the one beginning :

Some say thy fault is youth, some wantonness

and the one beginning :

Oh thou, my lovely boy, who in thy power
Dost hold Time's fickle glass,

and hid the sex in others, printing, for instance, "sweet love" instead of "sweet boy" in the sonnet beginning :

What's in the brain that ink may character
Which hath not figured to thee my true spirit?

In his "Address to the Reader," Benson wrote : "I here presume, under favour, to present to your view some excellent and sweetly composed poems of Master William Shakespeare, which in themselves appear of the same purity, the Author himself then living avouched; they had not the fortune by reason of their infancy in his death to have the due accommodation of proportionable glory with the rest of his ever-living works, yet the lines of themselves will afford you a more authentic approbation than my assurance any way can, to invite your allowance; in your perusal you shall find them serene, clear and elegantly plain, such gentle strains as shall recreate and not perplex your brain, no intricate or cloudy stuff to puzzle intellect, but perfect eloquence; such as will raise your admiration to his praise."¹

Mr. Mathew adds that "in any case Benson's alterations appear to indicate that the sonnets had been interpreted in a scandalous way," and he notes that they were neglected again until Lintott revived Thorpe's edition of them in 1709. All this certainly raises difficulties in the way of believing that the William Hall who was so interested in the dissemination of religious books would have been content to find himself described as the "onlie begetter" of such a volume.

I am inclined then to conclude that if the "Mr. W.H." of

¹ F. Mathew, "An Image of Shakespeare" (1922), p. 112.

the Sonnets is to be identified at all, it must be with Henry Wriothesley, Earl of Southampton, though certainly we cannot pronounce upon the matter with any confidence. There is much reason to think that if any one living person was the addressee, and in that sense the begetter of the poems, there is no one so clearly indicated both by intrinsic and extrinsic evidence as Southampton. It is noteworthy that Dr. Gerald Rendall in his recent volume, notwithstanding the fact that he rejects all identifications of "Mr. W.H." and has persuaded himself that the Sonnets were written by the Earl of Oxford, is at the same time satisfied that Southampton was the youth whom he addresses.¹ Mr. Percy Allen, on the other hand, who is an even stronger upholder of the Oxford claim, maintains that the author's passionate appeals are addressed to his infant son, born in 1593, and that "the dark lady" is no other than the Earl's second wife, Elizabeth Trentham. "These three individuals," writes Mr. Allen, "father, mother and son, are, as I shall endeavour to show, the author of the Sonnets and the two persons to whom they were principally addressed, namely the beautiful youth and the dark lady."² However much one may desire to put an innocent construction upon the poems, it seems a little difficult to reconcile the language used with the fact that even when the Earl of Oxford died, his son and successor was only eleven years old. Moreover, Oxford was not the sort of personality in whom one would expect to find the domestic affections so strongly developed. The story of his relations with Lord Henry Howard and Charles Arundell, presents him in no attractive light,³ even as Captain B. M. Ward tells the story. And the same biographer remarks subsequently :

It seems likely that Oxford's secret reconciliation to the Roman Church which dated from 1576 may have led to his anger at finding his sister engaged to an out-and-out Protestant [Peregrine Bertie]. At all events they were on very friendly terms in June, 1582, by which time Lord Oxford had publicly recanted his profession of the Catholic faith.⁴

¹ See Rendall, "Shakespeare's Sonnets and Edward de Vere" (1930), pp. 130—132, 293—294, 289—290.

² Percy Allen, "The Case for Edward de Vere, 17th Earl of Oxford, as Shakespeare" (1930), pp. 142, 151—153.

³ See Catholic Record Society, Vol. XXI., pp. 29—30.

⁴ B. M. Ward, "The 17th Earl of Oxford," pp. 230—231.

Finally it can hardly be disputed that the Earl of Southampton to whom the *Venus and Adonis* and the *Lucrece* were openly dedicated was a man of depraved morals. It is inconceivable that unless his reputation was notorious, Thomas Nash could have dared to submit to him so gross and filthy a poem as that which has been preserved in three manuscript copies. The writer was perfectly frank as to its nature. In dedicating it to the Earl he calls it "a wanton elegy" and he prays :

Ne blame my verse of loose unchastitie
For painting forth the things that hidden are
Since all men acte what I in speeche declare

and at the end of his dedication he promises

My mynde once purged of such lascivious witt
With purified words and hallowed verse
Thy praises in large volumes shall rehearse.

It is to be feared that the atmosphere which the gallants of Elizabeth's reign habitually breathed was not one in which it was easy to cultivate a delicate moral sense. Father Southwell's passing allusions in his poems reflect not obscurely upon the license of contemporary literature.

HERBERT THURSTON.

TALENTS AND TRADING

WHEN the connection is mentioned between Religion and Business it is nearly always the practical application of the former to the latter which is stressed. Ignoring its dogmas and philosophical framework, the modern (non-Catholic) apologist for Christianity is apt to emphasize the common sense of its ethical principles in relation to commercial life. New Testament ideals, Rotarian orators assure us, constitute a sure guide to financial success. A widely circulated Life of Our Lord, issued in the United States, represented Him as mainly concerned with establishing a firm foundation for business enterprise. Even the more disinterested, when they touch on this theme, almost invariably dwell on the necessity for applying the "Golden Rule" to the counting-house and are seemingly blind to the need of applying the principles of the counting-house to Religion.

Yet, if we consult the Gospels, it is with this latter problem that we shall find Our Lord Himself dealing. We must not imagine Him indifferent to the sharp practices of Jerusalem vendors, yet He had less to say concerning them than the prophets who had preceded Him. There were oppressive landlords, crafty salesmen, usurious money-lenders in those days as in these, yet it is only when their greed defiles the Temple that His lash falls on them. Rather does He see in their zeal, their inventive cleverness, their pertinacity, examples for His own followers. He would have transferred the strenuousness and systematic efficiency of the market to those whose business it was to seek Eternal Life. "The children of this world," He declared, "are wiser in their generation than the children of light." "What shall it profit a man," He asked in the language of the mart, "if he gain the whole world and suffer the loss of his soul? Or what shall a man give in exchange for his soul?" He was fond of illustrating the Truth He taught by reference to the life of the trader. The Kingdom of Heaven was compared to a merchant seeking good pearls, to a man buying a field in which was buried treasure. He even deliberately borrowed His examples from those whose transactions were ethically dubious—the unjust judge, the tricky steward; He was more

interested apparently in applying business methods to Religion than in following out the commercial implications of the ethical principles He inculcated. Religion, He seems to say, is a business and must be approached as such; the Kingdom of Heaven is like to a merchant. I suggest that if, following His lead, the world put more Business in its Religion, it would be in a better position than by adopting the reverse method, for getting Religion into its Business.

It is strange, therefore, to find that with an increased demand for the application of Christianity to economic matters there goes a strong tendency outside the Church to repudiate the application to the conduct of religious affairs of the methods reckoned essential in industry and commerce. A generation which has devoted itself so largely as ours has done to the organization of its buying and selling sees no inconsistency in expressing its hostility to organized Religion. A network of trading concerns, demanding as a *sine qua non* of success rigorous systematization, covers the earth. Every day our newspapers inform us of fresh combines. The machinery for supplying our material needs grows ever more complicated. The small merchant tends to disappear. Labour sees plainly that its economic salvation lies in organization, and the employing class follows its example. Yet in the same breath which proclaims the benefits of organization in these spheres we are told that "institutionalism is the curse of Religion." That is not the view of the first Christian Institution.

Having regard to its specific task, the Catholic Church is the biggest business organization in the world, and this fact alone, properly understood, should recommend it to our age. Let the man familiar with practical affairs judge of Catholicism from his own standpoint and in the light of his own experience, and he can verify that assertion. But when we use the word "practical" we must remember that it means "adapted for the end in view." Business men sometimes make the mistake of attempting to apply their practical abilities to the interests of Christianity by transferring the methods used in their offices to religious bodies. "The Churches should be more business-like," they say. And that often means that they should use the publicity devices of the pushful merchant, that they should cater more for the social and sporting tastes of the community, that their preachers should emulate the newspaper writer in dealing with matters of topical interest. It has been imagined that what is practical in manufacturing

and getting on the market a breakfast-food is equally practical when used for the salvation of souls. The practicality, I repeat, must be judged by the object aimed at. It is this which dictates the methods. A plant used for printing a newspaper will not do for ploughing. Even the latest and most efficient steam-plough will not print a newspaper—not even an agricultural newspaper. The means must be in accordance with the end.

But looked at from this angle, how marvellously adapted for the special work it has to perform is the machinery of Catholicism! Remember what that work is! It has to bring God to man and man to God. The Holy One Himself has to be communicated to the least worthy of His children. The profoundest of all subjects has to be taught to the most illiterate in a manner that will at the same time satisfy the cultured and intellectual. The treatment must be such as is adaptable to all races and all centuries. The psychology of that delicate organism, the soul, must be understood even more thoroughly than the doctor understands his patient's physiology. The tenacious roots of sinful habits twining around and penetrating into the vital parts of human nature have to be extracted without impairing vitality. Intractable men and women have to be trained without being reduced to tameness. Discipline must be imposed without destroying self-respect, individuality developed while guarding against the danger of anarchy. Spiritual realities have to be presented through material means yet without becoming materialized. Appeal must be made through the senses without encouraging sensuality. Confession of sin must be fostered but in such a way as not to destroy the privacy of the soul's relationship with God. And so we might proceed, cataloguing the various aspects of the infinitely delicate task set before the Church. What human institution attempting that task would not blunder horribly, macerating the live tissues of sensitive natures in a manner productive of indescribable torture? How great areas of our being would be overlooked! What monstrosities in the way of treatment the ecclesiastical pedant would prescribe! How the irresponsible practitioner would run amuck! Alas, there is no need to depend on our imagination in order to learn the results accruing from the handling of this problem by the unauthorized and unendowed. The modern world is strewn with the spiritual wrecks of their victims. The mental and

moral diseases of our times are not solely due to the neglect of religious ministrations; they are in some cases the effects of those ministrations.

We are dealing here, be it remembered, not with the theorist—the man who argues that for this or that philosophical, historical or biblical reason the claims advanced by the Church cannot be granted. We are dealing with the Business Man as such. Abstract reasoning does not appeal to him, but he can appreciate an organization that is fitted out to accomplish that which it has set itself to perform, and his appreciation will be greater as the work to be done is the more delicate and difficult. It is from that point of view that he is invited to examine the Catholic Church in the light of her professed object and to say whether she is or is not endowed with practical wisdom, in other words, whether she is business-like.

The very term "business" in connection with the affairs of the soul indicates a conception of the importance attaching to those affairs different from that generally held. To say that Religion is a business at least implies that it is no mere romantic pastime but merits serious attention. It demands cool judgment, careful reasoning, practical wisdom, efficient organization. Looked at from that point of view, the world's religious interests cannot be entrusted to the guidance of those rare personalities occasionally appearing in history whom we call prophets. These indeed are indispensable, as are reformers, poets, and orators able to move the multitude. The outbursts of piety and zeal these are able to create would be, by themselves, disconnected, unco-ordinated, with conflicting aims. To carry on the *business* of religion through the centuries requires more than a few outstanding personalities appearing sporadically at intervals. To its maintenance and extension must go a good deal of hum-drum, prosaic work. An official class is necessary, definite statements of belief, regulations drawn up with legal exactitude. In a word, the business of Religion can be performed only by an institution properly organized and authorized for the purpose, that is to say, a Church. A non-ecclesiastical Christianity would have perished in a century. To imagine that it could have made headway against imperial Rome is a monstrous assumption. No commercial undertaking can hope for success without a certain amount of routine labour. The zeal of the enthusiast, the inspirations of the visionary may be positively dangerous

unless they are disciplined. And this implies central control. It means that at the head must be an unquestioned authority. The unity of the Church is for more than spectacular effect like that of performers on the stage; it is a business necessity.

This may be very discouraging to the romanticist, the sensationalist, the person of artistic temperament. These may clamour for lightning conversions, dramatic revivals, firework oratory, picturesque personalities, "signs and wonders." These are not without their value, but common sense asserts that, for staying power and effective working, a Church must have other resources.

It is unfortunate that the Catholic Revival in this country should have been so closely associated with the romantic movement initiated by Sir Walter Scott. The fact has led to misconceptions and has encouraged a certain section to imagine that, in borrowing what may be called the stage properties of Catholicism, they had appropriated the Thing itself. The Convert arriving, out of breath with the excitement of this romantic interpretation of Catholicism, finds himself not infrequently chilled by the matter-of-fact atmosphere of the Church into which he has come. Instead of the gaiety of irresponsible amateurs he finds a professionalism to which "thrills" are of very secondary importance. By comparison, such pageantry as he witnesses in his new Home appears dingy and time-worn. He notices that Catholics enter churches with the same nonchalant air with which they may enter their offices. Plainly this is an Institution governed by men to whom Religion is a business. The experience may prove at first disconcerting. Then he begins to appreciate its significance. The transition he has made is from the spectators who watch the troops go by with flying colours to the footsore soldiers in the ranks. Military glory presents one aspect from outside and another from within. But, since the object of war is practical, it must be granted that the marching battalions have a juster sense of reality than those who look on. The time comes when the Convert is thankful that at last he has got down to the real business of religion. As he falls into step with the Church Militant a sense of solid satisfaction never known before possesses him. Tired of play, "like to a merchant," he settles down to *work*.

STANLEY B. JAMES.

MISCELLANEA

I. CRITICAL AND HISTORICAL NOTES

THE VENERABLE EDWARD MICO, S.J.

WHILE recently examining the Privy Council Register, preserved at the Public Record Office, for information about Dom Placid Adelham—a Benedictine confessor of the Faith in the late seventeenth century—the present writer discovered an interesting entry referring to the death of the Venerable Edward Mico, one of the victims of Oates's plot.

This entry occurs in the record of the Privy Council meeting of November 25, 1678, and runs thus in its original form:

Whereas Directions were given from this Boord for ye apprehending & committing to Prison, Edward Mico a Popish Preist for High Treason, but by reason of his Sicknes he could not then be removed without apparent Danger of his Life, And his Ma^{ty} being informed, That the said Mico is now dead in his Lodging in Wildstreet. It was Ordered by his Ma^{ty} in Council, That the Coroner for ye City and Liberty of Westm^r, or the Coroner within whose Jurisdiction the Body now lyes, do forthwith summon a Jury, and search & view the said Corps, and if it shall appear to be the Body of the said Edward Mico, and that he dyed of a naturall Death, that then the said Corps be permitted to be interred, otherwise that he make Report to his Ma^{ty} in Councill in what condition the same shalbe found, and take such further Course therein as ye Law directs.

Opposite this passage is the marginal note: "Mico's Body to be viewed by ye Coroner, before it be buried." The reader will at once perceive that this order-in-council does not, of itself, point conclusively to the fact of his death. Other evidence is needed to prove that the information given to his Majesty was correct and that the Coroner found a dead body on his arrival at Wild Street; moreover, that the corpse was in reality that of Mico. In the absence of the original and official record of this inquest (it is doubtful if any such record was made), two pieces of corroborative evidence are now adduced which may fairly be claimed to settle all doubts on the matter:

- 1) the complete silence of the later Privy Council records with regard to the results of the inquest—a silence which is significant in view of the wording of the above quoted entry.
- 2) the occurrence in the burial register of St. Giles-in-the-Fields (in which parish Wild Street was situated), of the

name "Edward Micoe," under date November 26th 1678—the day following that on which the Privy Council meeting was held.

The truth of the report and the identity of the corpse being thus firmly established, it remains to show that this extract from the Privy Council Register throws considerable light on two points hitherto uncertain.

First, the date of Father Mico's death. The date generally accepted in contemporary Jesuit authorities is December 3, 1678.¹ We now know that this is over a week too late and that his death must have taken place not more than one or two days before November 25th—possibly on that very day.

The second and more important point which this extract proves is that Father Mico did not die in gaol. Challoner, Foley and all later writers have regarded it as certain that he died in Newgate. Their authority for this is likely to have been an erroneous or perhaps wrongly-interpreted passage in "*Florus Anglo-Bavarius*":² "(Mico) una cum P. Thoma Harcotto Provinciali ab infami Apostata Oate comprehensus (dum uterque ex gravissima febri decumberet) *duro carceri mancipatus* [italics mine], aerumnis et morbi violentia extinctus est."³ At any rate, no other contemporary account known to the present writer gives any basis for this conclusion.

Challoner, writing in 1740, says⁴ "He (Mico) perished in *Newgate*, December the 3rd 1678, being found dead on his knees, says a manuscript in my hands, *oppressed with the weight of his irons*" (italics Challoner's). Unfortunately this manuscript is no longer to be found, and it is therefore impossible to ascertain whether the words "in Newgate" are authorized by the document itself.⁵

Foley, in his "Records of the English Province S.J.,"⁶ translates the account of Mico's death given in the Annual Letters S.J. in the following way: "His Socius, Father Edward Harvey (Mico), died in Newgate about the same time (December 3,

¹ Two authorities differ. In the "Annual Letters of the English Province S.J." (quoted by Foley, Records S.J., Vol. V., p. 32) we find it stated that his death occurred "about" December 3, 1678. Warner, in his "Persecutionis Catholicorum Anglicanae Historia" (p. 29) gives December 1st (or 11th?) as the date.

² As quoted in the Process of Beatification (1929), Vol. IV., p. 127-8. The work was published in 1685.

³ By "carceri" the author may be referring to Mico's own room in Wild Street, which in the fullest sense became a "prison" for its occupant after September 29, 1678. However, in view of the context this interpretation must be regarded as strained.

⁴ "Memoirs of Missionary Priests" (1924), p. 537.

⁵ No argument may be drawn from the italics. A glance at Challoner's "Memoirs" will show that he uses this type for emphasis as well as for quotation. The term "Newgate" is invariably italicized throughout the work.

⁶ *loc. cit.*

1678), not so much from the fever as from the blows inflicted upon him by the brutal soldiers with their muskets." Here the words "in Newgate" have certainly been added by Foley himself, and do not occur in the original Latin, which, as transcribed by Father Richard Cardwell, S.J., has the following form: "Socius sub id temporis extinctus est, non tam febri quam ictibus sclopetorum a barbaro milite inflictis."¹ The Annual Letters are thus silent as to where Father Mico died.

There are, however, two other contemporary authorities which give implicit but quite definite information to the effect that he remained till his death in his lodging in Wild Street.

- 1) "Summaria Defunctorum Provinciae Angliae S.J."—De Ven. S.D. Edwardo Mico. "Verum inter haec coorta in Catholicos saevissima tempestate flagitiosus quidam Apostata cum satellitum manipulo irrumpente media nocte cubiculum² gravissime aegrotantem e lecto in carcerem vi extraxisset, nisi Legati Hispaniarum, in cuius erat clientela, autoritas et minae petulantiam coercuissent. Sed nec ideo devitavit multiplicem ab insolenti caterva vexationem, violentam videlicet corporis concussionem, catapultarum manubriis concussionem membrorum, expilationem cubiculi et stationem militum ad portam, *quandiu vixit* [italics mine], noctu et interdum excubantium."³
- 2) Warner S.J. "Persecutionis Catholicorum Anglicanae Historia" (MS.)—De Edwardo Mico (alias Harvaeo) S.J. "Sub vitae finem nihil magis dolere videbatur quam quod *vires ad carceris aerumnas et extremum supplicium subeundum non sufficerent*"⁴ (italics mine).

It will be seen that these passages fully corroborate the report given in the Privy Council Register.

The value, therefore, of the definite and official evidence, here printed for the first time is that it corrects a misconception which has probably been due to a certain vagueness of expression in contemporary accounts. Moreover, it is gratifying to realize that the Venerable Edward Mico's Cause at Rome should not be

¹ The interpolation was kindly pointed out to the writer by Fr. Newdigate, S.J.

² The results of this midnight attack are briefly told by the Clerk of the Privy Council in an interesting memorandum, which, although only remotely connected with the subject matter of this article, is nevertheless worth bringing to light: "Md. The messengers bring word on Monday morning, Septemb. 30. 1678, That they had only found that night Thomas Jennison, and John Smith, That Harcoat was escaped, That Thomas White, and Edward Mico lyes (sic) a Dying, That Mr. Colman Did not return to his house all night, That the rest of the Parties to be seized were out of Town, but that three of the Young Men were in Cusdody and a fourth (who were all that appeared) lay sick, and not fit to be removed." (Privy Council Register: report on Session held on Sunday afternoon, September 29, 1678.)

³ Quoted in the Process of Beatification (1929), Vol. IV., p. 121-2.

⁴ From a copy in the possession of Fr. Newdigate, S.J.

materially affected thereby. It still remains true that this holy man died in prison, but that prison we now know to have been his own room in Wild Street, where he was closely supervised day and night by a military guard. (Indeed, quite apart from the documentary proof which we have for his sufferings, the peculiar circumstances of his imprisonment—particularly his isolation in the latter days¹ and the fact that his guards were soldiers who would be unrestricted by normal prison regulations with regard to the treatment of prisoners—lead naturally to the conclusion that his imprisonment must have provided even greater hardships than he would have had to face in a common gaol, where supervision of such a kind would not have been exercised.)

DOM HUGH BOWLER, O.S.B.

FORGOTTEN MISSIONS.

THE growth of the Church in recent years, the continual opening of fresh Mass-centres, and establishment of new parishes make us forget that the history of Catholicism during the past two hundred years in England has not been one of uninterrupted growth. In many parts of the country we can still find traces of former Catholic Missions which have fallen into decay and finally disappeared. In some cases this has been due to the dying out of some noble house, which formerly supported a private chaplain and supplied the surrounding countryside with the necessities of Catholic life. In other cases, the gradual drift of the country towards the town, combined with the increased facilities of transport, has led to the concentration of several small missions in a central position.

In no part of England has this happened more than in East Anglia. A good example is furnished by the little Church of St. Mary of Thetford, built in the ancient capital of the Saxon kingdom of East Anglia, just over a hundred years ago. It stands as a memorial of Catholic enterprise in pre-Emancipation days, one of the last chapels whose erection was authorized by the great Bishop Milner, though the first Mass was sung by his successor, Bishop Walsh. The sermon on that occasion was preached by Mgr. Weedall, first President of Oscott. Thus it tells of the days when English Catholics were only just beginning, in a half-dazed fashion, to realize that the profession of their religion was no longer an act endangering life and fortune. But it is also a reminder to us of a still earlier period of East Anglian Catholic his-

¹ It is surely significant that none of his brethren knew the exact date of his death. One gathers from Hamerton's account of Oates' plot (Foley, Records S.J., Vol. V., p. 23) that his Provincial and companion, Fr. Whitebread, *alias* White, was removed to Newgate shortly after November 5th. Thenceforward, until his death, Fr. Mico appears to have been alone with his captors.

tory. For it is the legitimate successor of at least three Missions which have since completely vanished.

In 1824 Mr. George Gardener, a Catholic banker of Botesdale, Co. Suffolk, came to reside on the outskirts of Thetford at a farm known as "The Canons." He brought with him from his former home his chaplain, the Rev. Michael Trovell. Father Trovell, who had been educated at Sedgley Park and Oscott, had succeeded the Rev. James Duckett in 1820 as chaplain at Botesdale. This Mission of Botesdale was in existence for at least nine or ten years, and was commonly known as the Border Mission. It was, apparently, like most of the East Anglian Missions of those days, a family chaplaincy, and on the Gardeners moving to Thetford, the Bishop transferred the Mission also, uniting it with a much older Mission at Thetford which had been served by Father Richard Gates.

How old this little Thetford Mission was we do not know, but we read that Father John Hurst, who in 1763 transferred the School from Betley to Sedgley Park, was afterwards missionary at Thetford, Norfolk for many years,

Another little Mission was founded by Mrs. Maire at her house at Coulsey Wood, Suffolk. Exactly where this house was situated the writer has been unable to ascertain. What is certain is that the Mission, together with its tiny endowment was eventually transferred to Thetford, as, on Mrs. Maire's death, the property passed out of Catholic hands. The only relic of this Mission remaining is a copy of Volume I. of "Sermons for Every Sunday in the Year," by the Rev. Francis Blyth. It is inscribed "E. F. Gostling, Coulsey wood house, Aug. 1, 1806." Whether this is the name of a priest who served the Mission is uncertain. There were Gostlings living near Norwich at the time, and the name is still met with.

Another vanished Mission, apparently absorbed by Thetford, was at Buckenham House, Norfolk. The Buckenham Mission has a long, if obscure, history. In the early part of the seventeenth century Sir Philip Knyvet resided at Buckenham. He married Katherine, daughter of Charles Ford of Butley Abbey, Suffolk, and in 1631 his son Robert entered the English College at Douay, being known there by his maternal name, Ford. He was followed in 1632 by his younger brother John. Sir Philip disposed of the Buckenham estate and with the death of his son Sir Robert, the baronetcy became extinct. From 1729 at least Buckenham House was in the hands of the Howards, for in that year the Rev. James Maxwell, a Scotsman, educated at Douay, and passing under the name of Brown, was appointed chaplain to the Hon. Philip Howard at Buckenham House, Norfolk. He had been ordained at Douay in 1722, and had remained on as a Professor until 1729. He was elected a member of the Chapter in 1748, and died at Buckenham

on the 26th October, 1778. He was buried in West Tofts Parish Church, the ancient parish church of St. Andrew at Buckenham Parva having long before been destroyed. Thomas, a son of the Hon. Philip Howard, entered Douay on the 8th July, 1739. He died on January 10, 1763, leaving no issue, and somewhere about this time Buckenham House passed into the hands of the Petre family. Father Maxwell was succeeded in the care of the Mission by the Rev. John Paterson. He would appear to have been educated in France, but where is uncertain. He died on December 2, 1806, leaving a number of books inscribed "For the use of Buckenham Mission only." Some of these bear the inscription "Cath. Howard" or "Cath. Norfolk." They are now in the Presbytery Library at Thetford. At a later date the Hall was burned down, and possibly about this time the property passed out of Catholic hands, and the Mission came to an end, being united with that at Thetford. The present building, a fine specimen of Georgian architecture, is now known as Buckenham Tofts Hall.

An old white vestment, made out of silk dress material, has the name "Harling" written on the tape, which seems to point to there having been a Mission at East Harling, but nothing else is known about it.

There is also at Thetford a small Ciborium, capable of holding about 50 Particles, of silver-gilt, and very massive in construction. It is inscribed on the base "Suffolk Missions, 1788." This may possibly be a relic of the Coulsey Wood Mission, but nothing certain is known of its history.

Thus it will be seen that through the Buckenham Mission the History of St. Mary's, Thetford can be carried back at least 200 years. It is a history of ups and downs. The lesson we may easily learn from it is that things material, by their very nature, are liable to change, but that the Church goes on steadily with her work of preparing souls for Heaven. Those old Missions were necessary in their time. They did their work and passed away. The same work is being done now in other ways. It may be that more changes will come over the material organization of the Church in the district, but the work of God will still be carried on *usque ad finem*.

G. W. H. WEBB, D.D.

II. TOPICS OF THE MONTH

**The Portent
of
Hitlerism.**

Every year, since the Versailles Treaty was dictated to defeated Germany, about a million new souls have been added to her population. Thus the number of those Germans who have had no direct responsibility for the war or its conduct is growing steadily and rapidly and, as a parallel result, so is the number of those who resent its penal consequences to their lives and fortunes. Although in Article 231 of the Treaty, that dealing with Reparations, Germany accepts responsibility for all the losses which the Allies suffered in consequence of the war, that unqualified admission of war-guilt has always been repudiated by the people at large, and forms, we may be sure, no part of the history-teaching in their schools. Hence, as years pass by and the country grows stronger, the movement for revision of the Versailles Treaty cannot but grow in strength. The phenomenal outbreak of "Hitlerism" is only one sign of the emergence into active politics of a new generation, unacquainted with the war but chafing under its results. With that mentality European statesmen have now to reckon: it cannot be altered by verbal arguments but only by action. Let the former Allies proceed to adopt the model measure of disarmament forced upon Germany, and then the call for Treaty revision will lose much of its force. A stable peace must rest on agreement: agreement is a matter of discussion, negotiation, compromise: let points of dispute be determined by arbitration or process of law. Otherwise, in every aggrieved country, there will arise Hitlers and Hitlerites aiming at justice through revolution. Happily, in this case, the Nazis are more of a portent than a real danger. Hitler has included in his programme so many anti-religious and anti-social objects, that the public conscience, so lately disabused of Prussianism, so sickened by exhibitions of racial arrogance, has given him little sympathy. More than that, his campaign, which is anti-Catholic as well as anti-Semitic, has been definitely condemned by the Bishop of Mainz, with the concurrence of the rest of the Hierarchy, and Catholics are forbidden, under pain of excommunication, to belong to his party. Those among us who are so apt to raise the cry—"No priests in politics"—may now recognize that there are occasions when clerical intervention is no bad thing; for Hitler and the hotheads he inspires are quite ready to plunge the world into war again in pursuit of their evil and selfish aims. They embody that perverted spirit of nationalism which is the antithesis of Christianity, and which must be exorcised from Europe if Europe is to have peace. The merest common sense demands that the ex-Allies should do all in their power to support the German Government against these internal upheavals and

stresses by showing a real disposition to remove or alleviate the inequities of the Treaty.

**French Policy
blocks
Disarmament.**

The most unfortunate result of the outbreak of Hitlerism, reinforced by the parades of that illegal military organization, the Stahlhelm, which has baffled all the efforts of the Government to suppress it, is its effect upon French national policy. By insisting on security before disarmament and ignoring the fact that armaments prevent security, French politicians have long been out of harmony with the rest of Europe, and have caused that war-ruined continent to keep on bearing a heavier burden of armaments, costing £50,000,000 more than it bore in 1913. And that, although the defeated Powers are strictly rationed in the matter: otherwise the present £600,000,000 war-tax might easily reach a thousand millions. "If we cannot get security by effective guarantees," is the French plea, "we must rely upon ourselves." Evidently, the French governing class have no faith in the guarantees already provided by the League, or by the Locarno agreement, or by the Kellogg Pact, or by all three together. It certainly seems as if no guarantee would satisfy them; that they can conceive of no security that does not rest on material force. We have to regret that the recent ebullitions of militarism in Germany, which are a reversion to the Gospel of Might, unhappily give some colour to this view, and unless the rulers of the Reich are able to dissociate themselves effectively from those disastrous policies, the Achaeans will again suffer from the madness of their kings. Yet the matter is essentially simple. Instead of arranging security and disarmament as successive aims, why not pursue them simultaneously? Complete disarmament would mean complete security, and every advance in the one process, however small, would have a proportionate effect in the other result. The French claim to have made reductions. "Our army," said M. Briand at Geneva (September 30th), "which was 810,000 men strong before the war, now stands at 556,000, and the period of service has been reduced from three years to one." But he omitted to say that, owing to the disarmament of former foes, France was relatively stronger than ever, or that in his enumeration of effectives, he did not count several millions of trained reserves. It is surely time that the multitudes of "cannon fodder" everywhere, who have no quarrel with each other and who have everything to lose by war, should demand that the Kellogg Pact should be made a reality and that not only war but the *preparations for war* should be abandoned. If even the simple and sensible proposal of M. Paul Boncour, made at Geneva two years ago, that, pending a final settlement all arming should be suspended, were adopted, it would greatly ease the situation. Meanwhile, as the Prime Minister told the Imperial Conference, "The strength of armaments in the world to-day and

the general unwillingness of Governments to advance the cause of a secured peace by a reduction of military material, unless checked, must soon lead to a new race in armaments."

International Force behind International Law. The Kellogg Pact, if it means anything, means that henceforward there must be no private war —no war, *i.e.*, waged solely in the interests of any individual state, or group of allies. The

use of force has been restricted to the vindication of international justice. Hence, with the disappearance of private war must go, paradoxically enough, the disappearance of neutrality. The whole world must combine to suppress the violator of the world's peace. To remain friends with such an outlaw would be to share in his crime: much more so, if one were to "comfort" him with supplies whether military or otherwise. No signatory of the Pact can, in conscience, countenance the conduct of a Pact-breaker. The only war possible in future is a joint international punitive expedition against a transgressor of international law. If a third member had been added to the instrument stating this inference explicitly, we should have been able to get on more rapidly with disarmament. Once it is clearly determined that the only use of national armaments—besides their function in helping to maintain internal order—is to combine as a world police-force, their reduction to moderate limits would be comparatively easy, and at the same time their effect as a deterrent would be immeasurable. By the Covenant of the League (Art. 16), its members are already pledged to take concerted action to oppose the outbreak of private war, without previous investigation by the Council and a long delay after the award, but war is not absolutely renounced. But now all the League members have signed the Pact, which means that all war, *just, as well as unjust*, is banned, because of its damage to world-welfare. It is a new conception—the abandonment of force as a means of securing national interest—and all its implications have not yet been realized.

**A Better
Way towards
Peace.**

What it does *not* mean, however, is that injustice is no longer to be remedied; that the *status quo*, which in many cases involves real grievances, must never be changed; it means that other and more certain and effective methods must be found. Such methods are suggested by the work of the Institute of Pacific Relations which presented a record of its doings to the Assembly in September. This Institute was founded in 1925 by certain influential Americans, alarmed by the growing racial and political tension between the different nations inhabiting the Pacific basin, in order to bring representatives of these nations together in friendly discussion about questions of common interest. It has met biennially

since, twice in Honolulu and once, last winter, in Kyoto (Japan), with an ever-increasing number of delegates. It will meet in 1931 in China. Its method is simply free and frank and thorough discussion on even the most delicate and perilous subjects, with the main object of interchanging points of view and getting to know from personal contact what others think of one's own aims and conduct. No resolutions are passed, speeches are not formally reported, much of the business is done by conversation, but the result is that such subjects as immigration into Australia and the United States, Japanese action in Korea, the recovery of Chinese sovereignty, Manchurian problems, are thoroughly ventilated and the grounds of solution suggested, without any need of that diplomatic reserve or concealment which so hampers official discussion. Something of the sort was proposed unofficially at Geneva—an Institute of Europe which would provide means for talking over the numerous conflicting national interests, by people who need not fear to be candid and are anxious to come to an understanding. The various peoples must come to the aid of the diplomats in some such way and thus broaden the basis of the peace campaign. For, unless those that would have to fight hereafter bestir themselves now and remove the causes of war, they will never be secure against that evil.

**Cheapening
National Sorrow.**

It was inevitable that a terrible disaster like that which overtook R101 should be made, by the sensational press and the emotional public, an occasion for a debauch of sentiment, sadly out of keeping with what the event demanded: inevitable, because the papers know that the public wants thrills, but none the less deplorable in that so fearful a catastrophe, in all its results, should have been made material for "sob-stuff." The fated voyagers, whether they knew it or not, took a grave risk: they had faith in their invention and their faith cost them their lives. They were servants of the State and perished in its service, as others do daily by land and sea and air. All honour to them! The State did right to bury them with military pomp, but the special writers should not have been told off to turn them into "a declamation." Their awful doom, however, has done more than given fine example of public service; it seems definitely to have closed one avenue of transport by air. To set a limit to human inventiveness is proverbially rash, but there are certain immutable facts which must bar progress in this direction. To be commercially profitable the airship must be very large; even R101 was not large enough. Yet its vulnerability increases, directly and inevitably, with the size. The air is full of currents, not broad, steady, continuous, and confined to the same plane, like those of the sea, but capricious in the extreme, changing abruptly, moving in all

directions, altering in density, and consequently subjecting the framework of the airship to unavoidable and almost intolerable strains. As a result, no less than thirty-four airships have perished by storms alone in the past (excluding, *i.e.*, those lost through enemy fire), thirteen being German, ten American and six British. Italy and France, which have lost three and two respectively, have wisely abandoned any further construction of these very vulnerable giants. We need not, therefore, it would seem, await the report of the Government commission on the loss of R101 before agreeing with this determination. The airship is essentially a fair-weather craft and fair weather can never be at our command.

The Imperial Conference.

It is commonly said that what binds the British Commonwealth together is an amalgam of self-interest and sentiment. The last Imperial Conference agreed that the Ministers of each

Dominion were responsible, not to the English Government, but directly to the King: there is thus no statutory bond uniting them each to each. The right to secede, if circumstances recommend it, was implicitly acknowledged. Sentiment alone, although a more permanent bond, might or might not be strong enough. It would seem that self-interest rather than sentiment has again been and is the prevalent note of the present Imperial Conference. But it is not a uniting self-interest, one that enables the smaller national units to enjoy, with little cost to themselves, the protection and the prestige, which come from association with the immense power and wealth of Great Britain. Rather it is a narrower self-interest, prompting each community to better itself at the expense if need be of the others: "Myself first, and the Commonwealth afterwards" has been the explicit standpoint of each delegate, made prominent in their opening speeches. And the Secretary for Dominion Affairs endorses it in so many words. "The Dominions," he exclaimed (October 10th), "said, 'Ourselves first, the Empire second.' That is exactly the position of Great Britain. I say, on behalf of the British Government, that our first thought must be our own country, with all its difficulties and responsibilities." Having thus satisfactorily disposed of sentiment, these business men set to work to bargain with each other on the apparent understanding that the general good of the whole must not be allowed to stand in the way of the particular good of each. It seems a curious way of promoting unity, and we cannot think that the delegates realized the full implication of their words. Mr. Thomas, we are glad to see, rejected the idea of a self-contained Empire, protected by a rampart of tariffs from foreign competition and enjoying comparatively free trade inside: the actual condition of the United States. "Except oil," he said, "there is nothing that a man requires that is not contained in the British Empire. The problem

is how this great wealth can be made to contribute to the common good of us all." Then he hastened to add this qualification. "Not in the direction of isolating ourselves from the rest of the world. The idea that we can live for ourselves and separate ourselves from the rest of the world is the greatest humbug that ever was preached." And also, we might subjoin, the readiest means of destroying the germs of world-brotherhood that the experience of world war has caused to sprout. The fallacy of independence is always tending to obscure the fact of interdependence, on the conviction of which are based all the chances of human harmony.

General

OFFSHS

Particular Good.

All artificial interference with the natural flow of trade, by which human labour is made fruitful and its products applied to human needs, is to be regretted. But interference is often justified to correct such trade unfairness as "dumping," the process of selling, at rates below the market level, goods produced by slave- or sweated labour, or subsidized with the object of destroying competition. The present attempts of the Soviet Government to upset the world trade in cereals by dumping wheat everywhere, which is needed for the support of its own nationals, surely call for drastic counter-action, if only on humanitarian grounds. Yet it has been readily bought by traders everywhere, since to buy in the cheapest market is a cardinal principle of trade. Unofficial protests have been made in various quarters, but the only Government which has counter-acted so far has been Switzerland. The Swiss have banned Russian wheat altogether, not on economic grounds, which are valid enough, but explicitly on moral grounds, because the wheat is the product of what is equivalently slave-labour and it is desperately needed at home. But it is not this propagandist "dumping" that the Conference has in view: it is the general use of tariffs to stimulate home, *i.e.*, Commonwealth, industries by checking those of other nations. If it succeeds in doing so, as Mr. Thomas hopes, without arousing a series of international reprisals and losing as much as, or more than, it gains, it may claim to have accomplished what has hitherto been found impossible. Since sentiment has been practically ruled out of these negotiations, it would be more in harmony with commercial evolution, to try to establish fair trade with every nation, and to banish altogether any attempt at economic imperialism. There is more hope, it seems to us, in the activities of the International Institute of Agriculture, which held its tenth Assembly in Rome last month, and which has for general objects the establishment of equitable world-conditions for agriculture, the science on which the prosperity and even the existence of the world depends. That Assembly, which was attended by the delegates of 69 States, concentrates on one section of the work of the International Labour Office, and it is hoped to bring it into a parallel connection with

the League of Nations. Both are designed to put an end to selfish, unfair and ultimately suicidal commercial competition, which is merely a perpetuation of the war-spirit in another region.

**What
is
Economic Truth?**

The prolonged dispute between politicians and economic "experts" of every rival school about "import boards," "wheat quotas," etc., has added little to popular understanding of economics. A periodic synthesis and classification of the opinions thus expressed would put beyond doubt the fact that "private judgment" in economics is as futile as it is in religion. No master-mind has arisen to construct a framework of theory within which all certain and relevant facts might find their appropriate place. The reason is that although economics is an empirical science, based on ascertainable facts, the facts themselves are so often disputed, so differently interpreted, so frequently forgotten, that contradictory conclusions are not unseldom arrived at from the same survey. And the whole confusion is worse confounded by the subtle spirit of party, which, born of temperament, education, status, self-seeking, prejudice, anything but principle, intrudes personal feelings into what should be calm judicial decisions. On all sides we are told that we are within measurable distance of a financial crisis, as formidable as the national overthrow that threatened us during the war, yet there is no trace of that perfect political truce which the previous crisis caused. Attempts have been made to form non-party councils for this or that object—agriculture, electoral reform, unemployment—but in no case has zeal for the common good been strong enough to counteract the virus of party: for in no case has there been any appreciable result. However, the future is so ominous that an eminent banker, Sir Felix Schuster, has made yet another plea for a National Council to determine trade policy,

Why should there not be created an independent council [he asked the Lincoln Chamber of Commerce on October 23rd] composed of men of experience, free from the tyranny of party politics, and including all classes of the community? The working man should have a strong representation. . . . They should have full knowledge of the difficulties and dangers to which our industries are exposed—industries on which their well-being, their very existence, must depend. . . . There is room for a National Council of producers, traders, working men, and economists whose deliberations and conclusions should carry weight with public opinion.

Then he went on to criticize certain economic features of the times—unemployment, excessive taxation, wasteful expenditure of every kind, public and private; not excepting the ominous portent of the dole.

**What
Causes Social
Malaise?**

The dole is being increasingly abused. Women who, in normal circumstances, would not enter the employment market now do so, simply to qualify for State assistance. People who dislike the employment offered remain on the dole rather than accept it. Others obtain part-time jobs designedly so as to draw more money from public sources. "No system," said Sir Felix, "can be justified which discourages personal effort and encourages dependence on the State. There are many aspects of the dole which are inherently unfair to the honest worker as well as to the State." Unfortunately, "dependence on the State" is a Socialist ideal, and Socialists view with complacency the process by which the "rentiers," the income-tax payers, who amount to about one-twelfth of the total electorate, are bled to provide "social services" for the rest. In the same way, the unjust incidence of estate duties, whereby some £80,000,000 of the country's capital are seized each year and devoted, not to the reduction of capital debt, which would be reasonable, but to current expenditure, is merely in Socialist eyes one way of better distributing the national income. Hence there is little hope of professed Socialists calling a halt to this ruinous process, or trying to apply really sound remedies to the undoubted abuses of Capitalism. There is, therefore, plenty of matter for the proposed non-political National Council to discuss, but even Sir Felix did not clearly diagnose the main cause of all our industrial trouble, which is the separation of the nation into two unequal classes; the smaller one having property, and the vastly larger having none. Hence the degrading "social services," which are really interferences with the family; hence the demoralizing dole; hence the predatory taxation; hence the neglect of the land, the drift to the towns and the growing menace of unemployment. Social health cannot be recovered by tinkering at tariffs, which incidentally Sir Felix deplotes—"Due regard must be had to our extensive and valuable trade with foreign nations, to which no obstacle must be put"—but by aiming that every citizen should have a stake in the country by acquiring stable property of some sort. No remedy which leaves the "Have-nots" without the economic responsibility which comes from ownership, whilst through their numbers they have political supremacy, touches the real source of the disease.

**An
Outburst of
Zionism.**

Nothing shows more clearly the unwarrantable way in which the Zionist Jews have interpreted the misleading Balfour Declaration,—as if it, or the subsequent Mandate in which it was embodied, did, or could with any justice, hand over to the Jews as their own the Arab country of Palestine,—than the well-concerted outcry from international Jewry against the White Paper, published on October 22nd, and setting forth the Government's Pales-

tine policy. This, briefly, is to give the Arabs a fuller share in the government of the country and henceforward to restrict Jewish immigration so long as it "prejudices the rights and position of other sections of the population." With unlimited money at their back, the Jews have been buying up the best lands from impecunious Arabs and employing only Jews to cultivate them: a process which would ultimately dispossess the Palestinian Arab both as owner and cultivator. The Government plainly states that it considers as "totally erroneous" the claim that the settlement of the Jews in Palestine is the principal object of the Mandate, only "to some extent" qualified by the prior rights of the original inhabitants. Consequently, those who hoped by one means or another, to make Palestine as Jewish "as America is American and as England is English," or planned, as Judge Rosenblatt avowed he was doing (*Times*, May 5, 1925) to "consolidate the existing Jewish settlements, [so that] in ten or fifteen years we shall have a solidly Jewish Palestine," are bitterly chagrined and, with the aid of certain Christian politicians, are doing all they can—and international Jewry is very powerful—to defeat the Government's policy. We hope that the latter, which has the support of all who regard international right dealing, will stand firm. They can reflect that, as long ago as June, 1922, the then Conservative Government, in spite of the advocacy of Lord Balfour himself, suffered defeat in the House of Lords which decided by a heavy majority that the Palestinian Mandate "directly violates the pledges made by H.M. Government to the people of Palestine [i.e., to the Christian and Moslem Arabs] in the Declaration of October, 1915, and again in the Declaration of 1918, and is, as at present framed, opposed to the sentiments and wishes of the great majority of the people of Palestine." That resolution expresses the original sin of the Balfour policy, drafted as it was by Jewish ambition and imposed by Jewish finance. Nothing has occurred since to render it less essentially unjust.

Christians in Iraq.

The Government is not so praiseworthy in its dealings with Iraq. That territory which lies between Persia and Syria, and occupies the whole basin of the Tigris and most of that of the Euphrates, was released from Turkish misrule during the war and came under a British Mandate in 1918. Gradually, a national government has been formed, culminating in a constitutional monarchy under King Faisal, who opened his first Parliament in July, 1925. A gradually lessening British surveillance over the new Kingdom is maintained, but this is to cease altogether in 1932, when Britain is pledged to support Iraq's entry into the League of Nations as an entirely independent State. Iraq is predominantly Mohammedan in population, but in the north, the vilayet of Mosul has only 80,000 Moslem Arabs, out of some

350,000 inhabitants. It has, unfortunately, been found that with the introduction of Arab rule and the practical withdrawal of effective British influence, a fierce persecution of Christians has been inaugurated, growing always in extent and intensity. *The Universe* (see especially issues of September 5th, 12th, and October 3rd) has published shocking details of this persecution, which impunity tends to increase, and the *Church Times* (October 24th) discloses the fact that the unfortunate Christians have had to petition the League of Nations for protection against the present persecution, and the still more terrible treatment that threatens them in two years' time. Religious intolerance and conversion by force are integral parts of Mohammedan rule, whether wielded by Arabs or by Turks, and it would be a shameful betrayal if the Assyrian Christians and others, who took such a valiant part in support of the Allies, should now be abandoned to alien rulers who make no secret of their intention to exterminate them. The Allied victory was stained by the sacrifice of the Armenians; we trust that the League of Nations will justify its claims and prevent further dishonour by coming to the aid of these defenceless folk. Iraq cannot pretend to fitness to rule, unless it is prepared to deal justly with its non-Moslem inhabitants. If the Labour Government has been brave enough to antagonize the Zionists in defence of the Palestinian Arabs, it should show equal courage by insisting that the Iraqi Arabs should not persecute a community which, but for the Allies, would not be subjected to them at all. The Iraq Treaty has not yet been ratified by Parliament.

**Labour Folly
at Home.**

Why, with all these foreign troubles on its hands, the Labour Government should wantonly invoke domestic ones as well, must needs puzzle the student of contemporary politics. Why should men who are obviously anxious to act rightly by Arabs in Palestine, be blind to the injustice to which they are exposing Catholics in England? For some time past local Branches of the Party have been expelling Catholic members, because they oppose irreligious or anti-Catholic policies. These Catholics are plainly told that, unless they support the whole Labour programme, or at least do not resist what they find objectionable, now and in the future, they must leave the Party—a monstrous outrage on conscience which no other political body would venture to commit. And Labour Headquarters tolerates this abuse! Hitherto Catholics have prevented the Party from being identified with immoral measures, like secular education and contraception, the adoption of which would have deprived them of the Catholic vote and lost them some seventy seats. Can Labour now afford to lose this support? Again, Sir Charles Trevelyan proposes to bring in a bill for raising the school age, but to confine the necessary funds for

this object to one class of school, that already built and financed by public money. Catholics accordingly must be penalized because they want what is the most important part of education, religion, taught properly. In *The Universe* for October 17th, Archbishop Williams puts the familiar Catholic case with admirable force, and outlines a scheme whereby any reasonable objection could be met. The Cardinal also, in reply to some groundless strictures against Catholic policy by the Archbishop of Canterbury, has shown that the opposition to a national settlement does not come from Catholics, but from the unreasonable demand, on the part of a section of the teaching profession, that for the most important subject in the school curriculum no qualifications should be required! It is the children of the worker who are mainly concerned, it is the conscience of the indigent parent that demands to be consulted, yet the Party of the worker and the poor, through one knows not what warping influence, pays no heed to their interests.

**True
Temperance.**

The centenary of the teetotal movement will occur in 1932, for it was in 1832 that a certain Joseph Livesey of Preston formed a society pledged to total abstinence; no doubt, his native town will take due account of the anniversary. But voluntary abstinence, which Livesey and his companions practised is obviously not the same thing as compulsory abstention, and the chief obstacle to the progress of the teetotal movement to-day is precisely the confusion of the two things—one, a form of the virtue of temperance, the other, of no moral significance whatever. Our opinion of American Prohibition we have frequently declared: assuming that the whole nation did not want it (for the whole nation can rightly go dry, just as an individual can), and that it was not the only way to prevent grievous moral and material injury, it is in itself a piece of gross and unjustifiable tyranny, doubly condemned by its results. It is regrettable, therefore, that the National Free Church Council, a body represented on the Temperance Council of the Christian Churches, should lately have committed itself to a policy of Prohibition. That is a direction in which no Catholic, except in exceptional circumstances, can follow them; the circumstances being either the consent of the whole community, or the impossibility of otherwise securing enough national self-restraint to prevent grievous national harm. A Prohibition paper lately tried to exhibit Catholics as favouring Prohibition by a simple majority vote, by quoting a passage from the *Catholic Times*, in which both these circumstances are conceived as happening together. Our contemporary said (August 8th),

... Of course, if a nation, because of prevailing evils and scandalous excesses in its midst, chooses by the will of the majority to remove temptation from the people by the prohibi-

tion of intoxicating liquor, the Church would never raise her voice in protest, because in the circumstances such Prohibition may conceivably be the best, or at least the better thing. In any case, it is presumably that nation's choice.

The question is, of course, the size of the majority. Unless the Prohibition majority is absolutely overwhelming, it is not the nation's choice but the choice of a section only. The complete consent that is needed to justify such a grave restriction of liberty is absent. Liberty is in possession; before it can be rightly dispossessed, adequate grounds must be produced. *Abusus non tollit usum*; the abuse must be so widespread, so otherwise irremediable, that use is no longer allowable. The size of the majority, therefore, in support of a prohibition of this sort is of vital importance. "Wet" Mr. Smith received in the last Presidential election 15 million votes against 21 million cast for "dry" Mr. Hoover: can we say that the States show that unanimity for Prohibition required to justify it?

Bigotry
that
Blinds.

If Dean Inge has still any credit with Christian people as a safe guide in matters of morality, the publication of his latest book—"Christian Ethics and Modern Problems"—will go far to upset it. For the Dean carries his Modernism so far as to repeat what he has already expressed in his journalistic work—his tolerance of suicide, euthanasia, and the kindred abomination of contraception. We are prepared, therefore, to find that one, who sits so lightly to traditional morality, should misjudge in this work Christian teaching in the matter of cruelty to animals. He does not think that the kindness of St. Francis and others is enough "to absolve the Catholic Church from the heavy guilt of teaching that the animals have no souls and therefore no rights." And, of course, he quotes the well-known but badly-understood passage from Father Rickaby's "Moral Philosophy" in support of his views. Surely, nothing but a deep-seated prejudice against Catholicism, of which he seems to be conscious and of which he actually tries to rid himself (see p. 377), could so blind an educated man to the truth. The Church, indeed, teaches that animals have not *rational* souls, which is also the universal experience of mankind, and that, therefore, they have no *personal* rights, a fact, again, which the whole human race has united to recognize; but nowhere has she countenanced, by teaching or practice, the abuse of cruelty towards the sentient creation. Individual Catholics, like other folk, have been cruel, just as they have failed in other observances, but they have sinned in spite of, not because of, their creed. If animals had rights in the sense which the Dean implies and which Father Rickaby denies, then *he* has no right to use them freely, as he owns he does, for his own purposes. He is ready

even to take their lives, if it suits him! It is painful to see a clever man allowing himself to be so muddled by religious bias that his only defence is the abdication of reason. "My own attitude may be inconsistent: I cannot help that." He could, by trying better to understand the Catholic philosophy he so arrogantly despises. We are glad to see that his misrepresentation of Catholic doctrine has received a thorough exposure by a non-Catholic in the *Manchester Guardian* (Weekly Edition, October 3rd), where the writer, however, in deference to possibly indignant readers who hold that animals *can* become persons, allows that "dogs and cats, and possibly horses and some other of the higher animals may attain to personality by long contact with human beings"—a marked departure from the sound philosophy of the rest of the article.

Progress of the C.T.S.

What the Catholic Truth Society loses in publicity from the transference of its London Headquarters from Victoria Street to Eccleston Square, it may reckon to counterbalance by its gain of quiet and space and light. Its move, moreover, secures these advantages at a lowering of overhead expenses. In all societies, the primary aim of which is direct public service, the problem is to combine economy with efficiency: for, the less the cost, the greater the amount, of production. It is gratifying to know that, although the increase of the Society has called for a growth in the staff, its productiveness—the number of pamphlets issued—has grown out of all proportion. We are told that the effective membership is increasing at the rate of 100 a month and that, whereas eight years ago when the Forward Movement began, the annual sale was 400,000, now it has reached a million and a quarter. Much of this is undoubtedly due to the organization of an Association of Church Box Tenders which has multiplied the means of pamphlet distribution. The strong words of the Cardinal at the opening of the new premises on October 22nd, when he said that it was *almost* the duty of every Catholic to be a member of the Society, should give a fresh and opportune impetus to its growth.

The C.T.S. of Ireland.

Across the Irish Sea the kindred Society seems to be going from strength to strength. Its annual Meeting, which occurred on October 13th—17th, corresponds to our National Congress, and is marked by the same union of clergy and laity in a common defence of the Faith. This year's gathering seems to have been exceptionally brilliant, bringing together the Hierarchy, the Diplomatic Service, the government and other political parties, the Judiciary, the University Faculties, etc., to listen to the exposition of Catholic ideals, and to reasoned criticism of Catholic practice. An outstanding discourse was that delivered on Ancient and

Modern Paganism by Professor O'Rahilly, but what is likely to have a permanent effect was the plea uttered by the Bishop of Ossory for the union of the educated classes with Catholic Action. "We want a robust Catholic spirit amongst us that will tell Governments and Government departments, if necessary, that, while there must be justice and fair play for everybody in the State, this is a Catholic State and must remain so, that we look for government on Catholic lines, and that all the agencies that are tending to pull this country into the gutter of paganism must be opposed. I should like to see a great central branch in the National University devoted to this purpose." Apparently a Chair of Catholic Action has already been founded in one of the constituent colleges, so that the Bishop's ideal of a devoted Catholic laity fully equipped to withstand the attacks of the spirit of laicism, should be easily realized.

**The
Sacerdotal
Character.**

It seems to us benevolent outsiders that Non-conformist ministers have real grounds for their complaint that Anglican overtures to them have not been thoroughly candid. In 1923 the Anglican representatives (viz., the two Archbishops and twelve others) at the Joint Conference with the Nonconformists, admitted that the non-Episcopalians possessed "real ministries of Christ's Word and Sacraments in the universal Church." That admission, concerning something possessed here and now, certainly implied that such ministers could validly consecrate the Eucharist, since that is the only Sacrament really in question. But the Anglican authorities refuse to permit that implication to be acted upon. They will allow Nonconformists the ministry of the Word, but not of the Sacrament. Yet they will not confess that there is a difference of principle underlying this refusal. They think episcopal ordination in some way necessary for valid consecration, but they will not say so, in so many words. If only they would say plainly—"The sacerdotium is something distinct from the lay state, conferring on its bearer certain spiritual powers derived ultimately from the Apostles and only so derived!"—the prolonged recriminations in the Press regarding prospects of reunion would suddenly cease. When one differs in principle or on a fundamental point of faith, there is no room for discussion or compromise. But Anglicans cannot say so, because they don't know. The sacerdotal character of the ministry is one of the points on which Anglicanism has not yet made up its mind; one of those points which the Archbishops' Doctrinal Commission is doubtless at work on, but of which, on its annual emergence into a brief publicity in September, it said nothing. It is now seven years old but it has not yet learned to speak distinctly!

THE EDITOR.

III. NOTES ON THE PRESS

[A summary survey of current periodicals with a view to recording useful articles which 1) expound Catholic doctrine and practice, 2) expose heresy and bigotry, and 3) are of general Catholic interest.]

CATHOLIC DOCTRINE AND PRACTICE.

Infallibility, True Notions of [Rev. B. Grimley, in *Catholic Times*, Oct. 17 and 24, 1930].

CATHOLIC DEFENCE.

Bernal's (Mr. J. D.) out-of-date "rationalism" [C. Hollis in *Universe*, Oct. 24, 1930, p. 10].

Celtic Church one with Rome [Rev. M. McGrath in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Oct. 1930, p. 337].

Holiness, The, of the Church in the last Century [Dom Maternus in *Southwark Record*, Oct. 1930, p. 290].

Inge, Dean, on "sectarian" education, exposed by G. K. Chesterton [*America*, Sept. 20, 1930, p. 562].

Irish in Scotland, Vindication of [An Elder of the Kirk in *Columba*, Oct. 1930, p. 293].

John, St., and authorship of Fourth Gospel: the Mingana MS. [J. Donovan, S.J., in *Irish Ecclesiastical Record*, Oct. 1930, p. 380].

Protestant Proselytizing by U.S. in S. America [*Civiltà Cattolica*, Oct. 18, 1930, p. 136].

Russian Persecution, Continued Horrors of [G. M. Godden in *Tablet*, Oct. 4, 1930, p. 431].

Wells and the "new Morality": G. K. Chesterton on [*Universe*, Oct. 10, 1930, p. 11].

POINTS OF CATHOLIC INTEREST.

Bellarmino, St. Robert: his connection with English Martyrs [H. Van Laak in "*Gregorianum*," 3rd quarter, 1930, p. 336].

Benedictine Foundations in England [W. Sherren in *Columba*, Oct. 1930, p. 16].

Brazil: the Catholicity of [E. T. Long in *Tablet*, Oct. 18, 1930, p. 506].

Catholic Church in U.S.A., Growth of [Bishop Noll in *Catholic Times*, Oct. 17, 1930, p. 14].

Catholic International "Week" at Geneva: Sept. 1930 [Y. de la Brière in *Etudes*, Oct. 5, 1930, p. 87].

Catholic Settlements, a Plea for [R. Jebb in *Blackfriars*, Oct. 1930, p. 587].

Church Extension in U.S.A. during 25 Years [Dom Maternus, O.S.B., in *Tablet*, Oct. 4, 1930, p. 451].

Eastern Religious Mentality: Analysis of [Archbishop Szeptycky in *Commonweal*, Oct. 8, 1930, p. 570].

Mexico: Religious Situation in [J. F. Thorning, S.J., in *America*, Oct. 11, 1930, p. 11].

Negro Catholics in U.S.A., Grievances of [J. La Farge, S.J., in *America*, Sept. 20, 1930, p. 568].

Zionism, Misplaced pretensions of [*Tablet*, Oct. 25, 1930, p. 537].

REVIEWS

I—THE FIRST STAGE OF THE VATICAN COUNCIL¹

THIS appreciation of a very important book, the most important Catholic work that has been published in England for several years, makes, we confess, rather a belated appearance in our pages, for it has been for several months before the public, but the delay has its compensation in the fact that recent events have emphasized its value and made clearer its significance. Two such dissimilar occurrences, for instance, as the Maltese *imbroglio* and the Lambeth Conference can only be fully understood in the light of considerations suggested by this very thorough record of all the circumstances of the Vatican Council. Moreover, since the Catholic Church is supra-national and claims the right of deciding moral questions all the world over, there will never lack occasion of explaining and defending her intervention in national affairs—a process which can be successfully achieved only in view of principles so admirably expounded in these two volumes. General Councils are of rare occurrence in the Church's history, yet each is an intensely interesting exhibition of God's providential dealing with His Church, the mingling of the human element with the divine and the emergence from their co-operation, as well as from their clash, of the massive yet shapely, the delicate yet unyielding, structure of revealed truth. When one considers the two short but pregnant Dogmatic Constitutions which were the result of nearly eight months' vehement discussion and debate, one realizes the immense caution with which the Church exercises her dogmatic functions and that the "assistance" of the Holy Spirit, which secures the infallibility of her teaching, is something widely removed from inspiration. There is nothing arbitrary about the decisions of a General Council: they follow a complete investigation of evidence and an entire liberty of opinion; within, of course, the limits of truth already known and defined. That liberty extends to the final voting by which the conscientious convictions of the several Fathers are expressed, but once the mind of the Church has been ascertained by the suffrages of the majority, together with the adhesion of the Sovereign Pontiff, the same conscientious belief compels the submission of the minority. For all know that "Peter speaks through Leo," or through whoever else holds

¹ *The Vatican Council: the Story told from the Inside in Bishop Ullathorne's Letters.* By Dom Cuthbert Butler, O.S.B. London: Longmans. 2 Vols. Pp. xix. 300: vii. 309. Price, 25s. n.

his See. We read of Trent in voluminous histories and gather what we may of the character of such remote proceedings, but the Vatican occurred in the life-time of many of us, and we can better appreciate God's providential methods when we see them reflected through the persons and policies of our own day.

Until Dom Butler gave us this book we could do so only with difficulty. The official publication of the *Acta* of the Council appeared as late as 1923-27, although they were printed in an abridged form with other relative documents in 1892. Meanwhile, for over thirty years, the general non-Catholic public has had to rely for its impressions on hostile sources, and, although in this century, the Catholic side has been more adequately presented, it still had to be sought in French or German works too large for easy assimilation. It is singular that even the Abbot did not originally set out to supply this great need of a trustworthy history of the Vatican Council in English; but was led to do so by finding, in examining the sources for his Life of Bishop Ullathorne, a series of valuable letters giving an inside view of the Council at work. On this groundwork he has based his narrative, but the two volumes contain far more information than Ullathorne's letters convey, for the author has drawn on other contemporary sources and has included in his survey the whole *mise-en-scène* of the Council,—what led up to it, how it was conducted, many of the sayings and doings of its prominent members—as well as an historical and theological discussion of the chief dogma in debate. In view of the prevalent ignorance regarding Catholic doctrine, exhibited even by educated men like Mr. Coulton, Dr. Major, Dean Inge and others, this exposition is most timely. The much-vaunted new edition of the *Encyclopædia Britannica*, in a wholly inadequate and inaccurate account of Infallibility, ignores all Catholic sources, such as the official *Acta*, completed two years before the *Encyclopædia* appeared, and, while mentioning Friedrich as an authority, omits record of the immense work of Granderath which refutes him. And there is not a daily paper published which does not chronicle, generally inaccurately some phase of the perennial conflict between Church and State, ranging from the diabolism of Russia to the English denial of Catholic rights in education. Moreover, the appalling religious disunion outside the Church, of which non-Catholic Christians are becoming increasingly aware and ashamed, is due precisely to ignorance of the nature of Faith and of Christ's Church as expounded by the Vatican decrees. If the world is to regain its lost Christianity, it must regain its belief in revelation as guaranteed and interpreted by the Teaching Church.

Abbot Butler's lively account of the interest taken in the Council by secular Powers serves to emphasize the immense

change which has come over the world since those days. If the Council were reassembled to-day, no Government would feel that it had any concern with its proceedings; so indifferent have the rulers of this world become to matters of religious belief, or so assured that the profession of Catholicism does not interfere with national rights. There would, of course, not lack many fanatics that would profess alarm at the "pretensions of Rome," if ever the full *schema* regarding the Church and Civil Society came to be debated, but the European chancelleries would remain unmoved. In 1870, statesmen still thought that the Catholic Church could be controlled so as to subserve national ends, and they resented any assertion of her independence. But in 1930, dogma as such no longer interests them; they are not afraid of ideas; it is only when the Church insists on her rights in the sphere of action—in matters such as marriage and education and worship,—that they too bestir themselves to question or resist.

Nor in the Church herself is there now any subject capable of arousing such diversity of views as the question of Papal infallibility. Gallicanism has disappeared: racialism survives only amongst the severed and dwindling sect of the Old Catholics in Germany; the Church in the great non-Catholic democracies need no longer take thought of the opinion of a disintegrated Protestantism. In the event of a new General Council, no Janus would appear to poison the wells beforehand, no Quirinus to distort current facts, no Leto to misrepresent the past. Having defended revealed religion against naturalism, and true religion against false, by the two dogmatic constitutions of the Vatican, the Church need not feel pressed to complete her original programme in the immediate future. There is no moot point of doctrine that calls for closer definition; no insidious heresy like modernism that demands further detection and reproof. On speculative points theologians still dispute, but in practical matters there is no difficulty worthy of such an elaborate means of solution.

However, as Dom Butler well shows, a General Council has other uses, besides that of defining doctrine; it is a magnificent demonstration of the supernatural unity of the Church and the means by which it is secured. In 1869-70 there met in Rome prelates of every nationality, temperament, culture, experience, antecedents, outlook—men from wholly Catholic countries, from heretical and heathen ones, from the Uniate East, from the New World, North and South,—yet they were one in Faith and, even where opinion was still free, differed more in policy than in principle. There were only a very few who were not convinced of the truth of Papal infallibility. The opposition were mainly "inopportunist" and both parties strove mightily for their respective sides, yet, for all their vehemence, many of the "in-

opportunists" made it clear beforehand that they would take the majority decision as the voice of God, recognizing, i.e., that they were mistaken in their estimate of the future or, if they were anti-infallibilists, in their interpretation of the past. They used their private judgment as long as they were free and put it aside as soon as they were not. To do otherwise would have been to deny that the Church is infallible in her teaching. In this sense, however large the minority against the definition before it is pronounced, the decree becomes unanimous by the after adhesion of the dissentients. It is a mistake to think that a moral unanimity must be secured beforehand; it is even theoretically possible for the Pope to confirm the decision of the minority, since the operative decision rests with him. If only to exhibit a working model of the infallibility in action, the history of the Vatican Council is invaluable. Abbot Butler has been perfectly candid, and has made no attempt to conceal the mistakes and frailties of various of the Fathers; he is especially severe on the traitorous attempts of some to invoke the intervention of secular governments to further their designs; but he shows as well how these human passions cannot impede the work of the Holy Spirit. For this reason we recommend his book to all Catholics, for it cannot fail to enlighten, edify and console them.

2—THE TRINITY¹

IN 1910 THE MONTH's reviewer hailed Père Lebreton's *Histoire du Dogme de la Trinité* as "likely to be recognized as having the character of a classic." Twenty years have fulfilled this prophecy, and it is a pleasure to recall it in welcoming the sixth edition, 1928-9, *entièrement refondue*. This edition preserves the classic structure of the original and is enriched by copious references to the latest specialized literature. Several chapters are entirely recast, notably those on Greek religions, on Emperor worship, on the Christological titles "Son of Man," "Son of God," "Lord," etc., and on the theology of St. John and of St. Paul, where the research of the last twenty years has been most active. Much, indeed, of this "research" has been mere spinning of theories, as witness Bousset's theory of "Kurios Kristos" and William Benjamin Smith's theory of a pre-Christian Jesus cult; much of it has degenerated into useless controversy. But a substantial residue remains, and this Père Lebreton has distilled and incorporated into his work, with a soundness of judgment and a thoroughness of investigation which is beyond all

¹ *Histoire du Dogme de la Trinité, des Origines au Concile de Nicée*, par Jules Lebreton, S.J., Professeur d'Histoire des Origines Chrétiennes à l'Institut Catholique. Vol. I. Pp. xxiv., 694. Vol. II., *De Saint Clement à Saint Irénée*. Pp. xxii., 702. Paris: Beauchesne.

praise. The soundness of judgment may be seen by comparing Père Lebreton's treatment of, let us say, Christ's ignorance of the Day of Judgment, with its treatment in non-Catholic books, and even in some Catholic ones; the thoroughness of investigation can be appreciated by the fact that not an English writer of any consequence is found absent from his index. The indices, indeed, merit special praise; and the printing is fully up to Beauchesne's high standard.

Two long volumes, seven hundred pages each, on the history of the dogma of the Trinity, taking us only to the year 200, may appear somewhat formidable, and possibly dull. The contrary, however, is the case; the work is in fact a history of religious thought, of the fundamental outlook of man on the problems of his origin and destiny, and perhaps its outstanding merit is its fixing of the Christian outlook in its relation to contemporary religious ideas, popular as well as philosophical. Non-Christian religions found their strength in the element of truth which they apprehended, and the doctrine of the Trinity most sweetly focuses into a synthesis all those scattered, distorted and often debased aspects of truth which lay at the root of all the vital religions and philosophies. The background of Christianity was, at the beginning, and perhaps still is, a kaleidoscope of movements and outlooks which unhappily we must designate by "isms," Stoicism, Idealism, Platonism, Dualism, Gnosticism with its mystery religions, and the myriad convolutions of Pantheism; against this background Christianity stands out, not as a philosophic synthesis, but as a vital revelation, inapprehensible indeed by unaided reason, but the centre to which all true human thought convergingly strove. Père Lebreton pictures religions as they actually existed, with the thought, the practice, something of the atmosphere; and the accuracy of his picture is guaranteed by most conscientious documentation, capable of control.

Here we cannot even try to summarize the contents of these volumes. In the first, after discussion of the Greeks and Hebrews, the main emphasis naturally falls upon the divinity of Christ, with its problems of Christ's consciousness, His "ignorance," the gradual unfolding of His revelation. The sources of St. John and of St. Paul, and their influence upon the nascent Church conclude the first volume. The second opens with a summary of popular religions about the year 100, paganism in the concrete and the various forms it assumed, astrology, occultism, the mystery religions, and then the later developments of Stoicism and Platonism. Gnosticism (why does one inevitably think of Pelmanism?) is more adequately treated. The body of the volume deals with the faith of the Church as manifest in its creeds, prayers and liturgy, as explained and defended by the Apostolic Fathers, by the Apologetes and by St. Irenæus. Père Lebreton has laid all theologians under

a heavy debt, and his volumes are an indispensable adjunct to the study of theology. We look hopefully for the appearance of the following volumes.

B. L.

3—WASHINGTON PATRISTIC DISSERTATIONS¹

THE comprehensive treatise on the Optative, though drawing exclusively on the works of Gregory of Nyssa, will be found to contain results characteristic of all Fourth Century Greek prose. The author is to be congratulated on the exhaustive and systematic treatment of all available material; he has fallen short of perfection only by over-elaborated distinctions, and excessive space bestowed on statistics to the sacrifice of space better occupied by examples. Now, according to the German saying: "It is only example that leads to light." Abundance of references that few or none will ever hunt up are little compensation for the absence of that light. And whilst there is a profuse array of distinctions between present, aorist and perfect tenses, the reason which explains them—stem differences,—is not mentioned. Moreover, though we find a fairly correct exposition of the laws governing classical usage of Hypothetical Clauses, we miss any reference to the participle used as substitute both for protasis and apodosis.² It is also a pity that the author retains relics of a terminology, which, though popular, is based on unsound theory. The categories "less vivid" and "more vivid" presuppose at least three grades of futurity—a useless refinement. Too much timidity is shown in correcting well authenticated departures from classical usage, probably due to copyists of later decadent periods, even those where emendation involves only the obvious change of one letter. This treatise will nevertheless be welcomed by students of Greek Grammar.

The volume on St. Chrysostom's Rhetoric fully maintains the high standard reached by Dr. Barry amongst its predecessors. Previous workers in this field have built a framework into which Sister Burns had only to fit in the results of her collecting and sifting and sorting. She has been less happy perhaps in some small matters of detail. For instance the English pun finds its nearest representative, I think, not in the literary figure known as

¹ (1) *The Use of the Optative Mood in the Works of St. Gregory of Nyssa.* By G. W. P. Hoey, S.S. (2) *A Study of Rhetorical Qualities and Form in St. John Chrysostom's Homilies on the Statues.* By Sister M. A. Burns of Notre Dame de Namur. (3) *Titles of Address in Christian Latin Epistolography to 543 A.D.* By Sister M. A. O'Brien of the Sisters of Mercy, Grand Rapids, Michigan. (4) *St. Augustine's "De Doctrina Christiana, Liber Quartus."* Revised Text Commentary, Introduction and Translation by Sister Thérèse Sullivan, Notre Dame de Namur. (5) *St. Basil and Monasticism.* By Sister M. G. Murphy, Sisters of Charity of Nazareth. All issued from the School of Patristic Studies in the Catholic University of Washington.

² See Donovan's "Theory of Greek Prose Composition," p. 183, §§ 220—223.

antimetathesis but in the better known paronomasia. Prokataleipsis is presumably a misspelling for procatalepsis (-ληψις) which signifies a seizing beforehand and therefore anticipation; whereas *leipsis* connotes abandonment. On p. 61 the Greek idiomatic adverb τὴν ἀρχὴν, meaning "to begin with" or "at all," has not found due recognition.

The Patristic Series has already to its credit much praiseworthy research work bearing on the Rhetoric, Grammar and Lexicography of the golden age of Patrology. Sister Burns' thesis for instance represents the fourth, if not the fifth, volume entirely devoted to investigating the single field of Patristic Rhetoric. Has not the time arrived to attempt the study of an earlier period, especially since non-Catholics are devoting intensive study to the ecclesiastical writers of the first three centuries? Style, lexicography, grammar, as well as specific questions of doctrinal development, await more research in the writings of the Apologists, of Justin, of Irenæus, of Antiochene Theophilus, of Clement the Philosopher, not to mention the Latins, Tertullian, the author of Octavius, and Cyprian. Such research will facilitate the solution of problems far more vital than those that depend on Fourth Century Fathers.

Sister O'Brien has admirably done for Latin Epistolography what Sister Dinneen had already successfully achieved for its Greek counterpart. Conventional honorific titles were far more numerous and more frequently applied than they are in our time, yet, it is rare to find "Reverence" and "Reverend" applied, as now, to priests, at least during the period studied, up to 543 A.D. It was applied to all and sundry. On the other hand neither *sanctitas* nor *sanctus* was in those days reserved exclusively for His Holiness the Pope. Sister Dr. O'Brien deserves our gratitude for undertaking a task worth doing, and doing it well.

Sister Sullivan, Ph.D., has given us a work that is at once a treatise on Christian Oratory by the greatest of Christian Orators, and a manual of style by the greatest stylist of his day. St. Augustine, as we learn from himself, learnt and taught Rhetoric in schools of Imperial Rome. Consecrated Bishop he did not deem it beneath him to collect and commit to writing such precepts of literary composition as would prove profitable to his fellow-workers in the Christian Ministry. In editing the Fourth Book of his treatise, Sister Sullivan has prepared a feast which the most indolent reader can enjoy without effort, comprising Migne's revised *text*, the revision of which is based on nine separate manuscripts; a good translation on alternate pages, a learned introduction on biblical quotations, St. Augustine's sources, as also on his own favourite figures of speech; lastly a commentary both erudite and informative.

Sister Murphy, Ph.D., adds a valuable contribution to the

already extensive literature on Monasticism. Though professedly dealing with St. Basil, one of the founders of Oriental Monachism, the work also furnishes brief but adequate sketches of the practice of asceticism in the first three centuries of the Church, of the early dawn of religious life, of St. Antony, pioneer of the eremitical life in the desert, and of St. Pachomius, founder of the Cœnobitic or community life, and therefore the Father of all monks. Basil had visited the Brethren in Egypt as well as some Palestinian foundations, before starting his own Monastic institution in Pontus. Full details of the Basilian Rule, which lasts to our day, are lucidly set forth in this well planned and ably written dissertation, which yet contains a few minor blemishes. The authoress (on p. 5) has not taken into consideration the statements of St. Clement, and of Polycrates on St. Philip's Virgin daughters. On p. 46, the term *presbyteros* has been inadequately dealt with; nor is proof forthcoming that this term was used by St. Basil as the equivalent of the later Greek Hegoumenos.

J.D.

SHORT NOTICES.

THEOLOGICAL.

NO part of Catholic Theology is more full of interest than the treatise on Grace. In it the effects of the Redemption are the object of study. We treat of man's elevation to the supernatural order, of his Sonship to God, of the endowments which accompany that high dignity, of the aids by which our will is strengthened against temptation, of the power of meriting. These are not questions of the schools, beyond the range of the layman, and best left to the professional Theologian. They are matters of vital concern to all, and should form part of the instruction given to the faithful at large. Yet the treatise has been very ill served by the writers of Theological manuals. In most of these actual grace is given precedence over the far more fundamental question of habitual grace: a quite undue prominence is assigned to questions of purely scholastic interest: and the historical aspect of the subject is almost entirely neglected. No such faults can be alleged against Father Hermann Lange's *De Gratia* (Herder: 18.00 m). The arrangement of the matter is excellent. After dealing with the necessity of grace and the gratuitousness of the gift, we pass directly to the question of justification and habitual grace. Only when this has been fully treated, does Fr. Lange proceed to discuss actual grace and the much debated problem of *gratia sufficiens* and *gratia efficax*. Thus the first place is given to the fundamental truths which are explicitly set forth in Scripture and in the writings of the Early Fathers: and the points which have been gradually elucidated in controversy with heretics or by the patient study of theologians, are kept till later. The treatment is throughout historical. The

author is careful to point out how much that was previously only implicit was rendered explicit by St. Augustine in his struggle against Pelagianism: and, again, how great was the advance made when the theologians of the thirteenth century employed the concepts of the Aristotelian philosophy in the exposition of the doctrine, and when at a later date Molina and the other great Jesuit theologians achieved the reconciliation between the efficacy of grace and the freedom of the human will, a point inadequately treated by previous writers. The bibliography attached to the several theses is thoroughly up to date, and supplies references to all the relevant matter contained in learned periodicals. There is no question that this is a most valuable contribution to theology. It is to be hoped that some fellow-countryman of our own may avail himself of it to give us a book on the same subject in English. Such a work is badly needed at the present time as a corrective to the volume recently published by Mr. N. P. Williams, in which Catholic doctrine is greatly misconceived and misrepresented. It is, we think, worth while to call attention to one point in which Fr. Lange appears to us to have incompletely seized St. Thomas's meaning. The Angelic Doctor explains the inhabitation of the Holy Spirit as a presence effected by supernatural knowledge and love. What then is this knowledge, which while belonging to the supernatural order, cannot be the knowledge of faith, since faith remains even when by mortal sin a man has forfeited the presence of the Holy Spirit? Fr. Lange, in common with other writers, throws no light on the point. Yet St. Thomas (1ap, q. 45, art. 5 ad 2) is perfectly explicit. The knowledge in question is mediated by Wisdom, that gift of the Holy Spirit which is annexed to charity and confers on all those who are in a state of grace an "experimental" knowledge of the presence of God (2a 2ae, q. 45, art. 2). This surely is the key to St. Thomas's doctrine. The knowledge which is ours by the gift of Wisdom is a true presence of God within the soul, precisely because it is not a knowledge of truths about God but a veritable "experimental" knowledge of God Himself.

MORAL.

We have received five excellent monographs dealing with certain sections of Moral Theology in its Pastoral aspect, by Fr. Merkelbach, O.P., (Liège, La Pensée Catholique). The author of these books is doing a great service to students of Moral and Pastoral Theology. The titles are:—*de Poenitentiae Ministro* (pp. 118, price, 3s.); *de Partibus Poenitentiae* (pp. 169, price, 3s. 6d.); *de Variis Poenitentium Categoriis*, dealing with the various types of penitents and an instructive book for missionaries (pp. 205, price, 3s. 9d.); *de Embryologia et de Ministracione Baptismatis*, where the author in discussing the problem of ectopics takes what appears to us a severe view, not accepted by several modern theologians of repute, although otherwise, the treatment of medico-moral problems is full and convincing (pp. 87, price, 2s.); *de Castitate et Luxuria* (pp. 128, price, 2s. 6d.), where there is stated an opinion, held by some, on the use of marriage (pp. 115, 5) with which we venture to disagree, though we hasten to add that the author does not adopt it explicitly as his own. All these books of Fr. Merkelbach are a sign of the continued growth of the science of Moral Theology and of the importance of treat-

ing it from the Pastoral aspect. We trust that the learned author will publish more of such excellent and scholarly work.

Another monograph, *de Matrimonii Sacramento* (same publishers, pp. 156, price, 3s.), by Fr. Ceslao-M. Salmon, O.P., S.T.L., also a Pastoral work, is a useful summary of a very complicated subject. It will be found specially valuable for quick reference for the common Catholic teaching.

The format of these monographs is excellent. The authors are to be congratulated on the clarity and fullness of treatment of these most important subjects, and the publishers have presented the readers with a pleasing type and clear arrangement.

APOLOGETIC.

In England no less than in Germany it is important to emphasize the fundamental difference between Catholicism and Protestantism in their elementary outlook on religion. To the Catholic his religion is an objective fact, apart altogether from what he may think of it; to the Protestant it is a subjective impression or experience, existing for him insofar as he is conscious of it and no further. This, with some of its consequences, is the main thesis of *The Essence of the Catholic*, from the German of P. Peter Lippert, S.J., three lectures delivered to Catholic students at Heidelberg (B.O. and W.: 2s. 6d.). The Catholic's attitude to God and prayer is well brought out in these lectures. The translation, if it is a translation, is much above the common level.

An effective volume of apologetic, though somewhat of the bludgeon and blunderbuss type,—“vigorous and unabashed,” the notice on the jacket calls it,—is *Upon this Rock*, by the Rev. F. J. Mueller (B.O. and W.: 7s. 6d.). The author certainly does not mince matters; he is “a plain, blunt man,” making broad statements and producing bald contrasts, and, if we may so speak, challenging anyone “to tread on the tail of his coat.” One feels that in the face of such a protagonist one would rather not. Still, admirable as the volume is in many ways, and valuable as a bird's-eye view of the concrete argument for the Church as distinguished from that of abstract theology, perhaps in places it suffers a little from over-statement. For instance, it is surprising, to say the least, to find it stated that “Islamism” now has “no life, no vigour of the spiritual sort, no fecundity.” Unless we are mistaken its growth at the present moment is second only to the growth of the Church, if indeed it is that. Some things about the argument for Purgatory might be questioned; at least they do seem to need more than “a minute's straight thinking.” Perhaps, again, the author says too much about the seal of confession. These and like exaggerations may be necessary consequences of an argument of this kind, but in apologetic we would prefer to have no weak link. On the other hand there is a vigour and breadth of vision in this book, to say nothing of a touch of humour, which compels the reader to go on.

DEVOTIONAL.

Readers of the *Catholic Times*, who have appreciated the choice spiritual extracts which occupy weekly a corner of the paper will be glad

to have a collection of **Principles and Practices** (B.O. and W.: 2s. 6d. and 3s. 6d.), issued by Fr. J. Hogan their compiler, and arranged for daily meditation. They bring together a large variety of helpful utterances, ancient and modern.

We have divine warrant for the belief that divine revelation is an inexhaustible treasure from which the learned scribe may extract things old and new. Hence the multiplicity of commentaries on the Gospel, no two alike: amongst them, the Rev. P. J. O'Reilly's **The Light Divine in Parable and Allegory** (Loyola University Press: \$1.60 n.), a series of discussions of the Parables of Our Lord, illustrated by everyday examples and contrasts, which will be of great help both to the student and the preacher.

The **Spiritual Works** of Père Vincent Huby, S.J., (B.O. and W.: 7s. 6d.) which have been translated by a Benedictine nun, are mainly made up of the meditations for a ten-days Retreat, in which, as long ago as 1690, that eminent ascetic embodied his spiritual teaching. It is singular that there is little trace of the familiar tradition of the Exercises in the arrangement of the Retreat, although it is full of the highest spirituality: none of the famous meditations appear and the logical sequence is observed only very sketchily. If but to show how freely the Exercises were "adapted" in pre-Roothaan days, the book calls for attention.

When the ordinary reader first has read **The Story of a Russian Pilgrim**, translated from the French of the "Irénikon" edition by Dom Theodore Bailly, O.S.B. (B.O. and W: 5s.), he may be tempted to ask himself whether this is a volume of the convincing, yet fictitious "John William Walshe" type. The narrative is so as it should be, the incidents are so pat to the purpose, the lesson on prayer is so neatly repeated, that one wonders whether the book is one of biography or of romance. Even yet the reviewer cannot be too sure. But whether it be biography or romance, and he is inclined to think, from internal evidence, that it is the former, at least for the greater part, it undoubtedly contains a beautiful illustration of the "Third Method of Prayer" taught by St. Ignatius Loyola and its effects. Indeed it gives another link connecting St. Ignatius with the early Fathers of the Church, from whom, as is well known to students, he drew much of his spiritual inspiration. Anyone keen on the life of prayer will find much to interest him in this book.

Fr. M. Villier, S.J., has reprinted from the *Revue d'Ascétique et de Mystique* of the current year his article **Aux Sources de la spiritualité de Sainte Maxime** (31 Rue de la Fonderie, Toulouse), in which he shows the dependence of that saint upon the previous works of Evagrius. St. Maximus is looked upon as the founder of ascetic method; this study of his writings, paralleled with those of Evagrius, proves how much he has followed, in form at least, the leading of his erratic predecessor.

In **Questions importantes à la Vie Spirituelle sur l'Amour de Dieu**, by J. J. Surin, S.J., edited by A. Pottier, S.J., and L. Mariès, S.J. (Téqui: 12.00 fr.), we have the text, revised and copiously annotated, of Père Surin's last work, containing the very marrow of the teaching with which for more than thirty years spent in ceaseless activity of tongue and pen, he had supported and promoted the cause of mysticism in France. He is, no doubt, best known to those who know of him at all as the central

figure in the celebrated and bewildering affair of the exorcisms of Loudun, of which the dramatic sequel was that he believed himself to have been overtaken by some horrible visitation from which he had laboured to deliver that equivocal person, the Ursuline Mère Jeanne des Anges, and her Community. But this, though it overshadowed his later years, was really the least important part of his activity. It is as a spiritual expert of the first rank, a kindred soul with Pères Rigoleuc, Huby, and Maunoir, and a faithful disciple and interpreter of Père Lallemand that he really counts. Like his brethren Pères de Caussade and Guilloire, or the English Capuchin Canfeld, he has had (posthumously at least) to stand the charge of quietism or, anyhow, of a doctrine of exaggerated passivism: but in his case, as in theirs, the accusation, based upon a few isolated expressions, has not survived the experiment of impartial examination. At any rate, in this work the editors have successfully exhibited him for what he really was, a spiritual guide, practical even more than speculative, to the summits of Christian perfection.

HISTORICAL.

Mr. W. Devine's *The Four Churches of Pekin* (B.O. and W.: 7s. 6d.) deserves a more arresting and informative title, for he has grouped, round the four historic Catholic Churches of the old capital of the Middle Kingdom, a fascinating account of the progressive fortunes of the Faith in China. It is a tangled tale and a very crowded canvas, but the author's skill has made the reader's task an easy one, and his reflections are plainly the result of profound study and careful personal observation. The book should foster the remarkable missionary enterprise, of which China is already the object, in English-speaking lands.

BIOGRAPHICAL.

We venture to think that no more complete study of Fénelon has been written than *La Pensée de Fénelon, d'après ses œuvres morales et spirituelles*, by the late Dr. Albert Delplanque (Desclée, Paris). It is the fruit of a life-long research; it is written with the reverence of a devoted disciple, expressed not with enthusiasm but with the most careful reserve, as though the author feared to make a disturbance in a sacred place. He walks along with the greatest circumspection, attending always to his master's words, defending him from any insinuation of quietism, liberalism, and the rest, adding in the volume exactly the right illustrations in the right places, winning the reader alike to himself and to the great man whose mind he portrays, in its growth, its reactions, its conclusions. Fénelon's chief writings are taken one by one; and though it is mainly his moral teaching that is considered, yet the man behind it is unmistakable. It is to be regretted that M. Delplanque did not live to see the publication of his work; he died while it was in the press.

Dying at the age of fifteen, after being an invalid for five years, there was little scope for anything that the world calls great in the career of Maria Filippetto, an Italian girl who gave up her soul in 1927. Yet when still alive, she had given her soul with such thoroughness to the will of God as to have attained a high degree of holiness. Her life—*Maria of*

Padua (Alexander Ouseley: 3s. 6d.)—shows that the secret of sanctity lies precisely in this giving up of one's soul, the denying of oneself that that is impossible to mere human nature, the putting off self essential to the putting on of Christ. No better example of St. Thérèse's "little way" could be imagined than Maria Filippetto has displayed for the edification and inspiration of Catholic youth.

DOCTRINAL.

Chanoine E. Duplessy concludes his series of *Le Catéchisme en Problèmes* with a fourth and last volume, a *Livre du Maître* for the higher course (Téqui: 12.00 fr.). It is a small encyclopædia of useful notes, answering the questions of a former volume, and providing an abundance of illustrations for the teacher. For these illustrations great use has been made of the missal and the liturgy, but much also comes from the history of the Church and the like.

SOCIOLOGY.

A kind of vade-mecum for students of social questions is contained in *Aphorismes de Politique Sociale*, by Le Marquis de La-Tour-du-Pin La Charge (Beauchesne: 8.00 fr.). First written in 1887, and revised with additions in 1909, it expresses the mind of forty years ago in France, especially of the school that was anti-republican. But whatever may be the political bias of the booklet it contains a summary, concise and clear, of Christian principles applied to every aspect of sociology which makes the re-printing of it very timely.

HOMILETIC.

In his Notre Dame conferences last year P. Pinard de la Boullaye confined himself to the claim of Jesus Christ Our Lord to be the Mersias, the Messenger of God. In the conferences of 1930 he has set himself to justify that claim. The volume containing his proofs—*Jésus Messie* (Editions Spes: 13.00 fr.)—appears with the same tokens of erudition, and care, and help to the student as the volume of last year. Père Pinard does not lay himself out to say anything new or startling; but he has a clearness of style and an emphasis of diction and a sympathy of manner, especially when dealing with his opponents, which put him at once in the first rank of apologists of our time. Naturally his subject-matter divides into two parts, positive and negative; the orator is particularly powerful when he deals with the first of these,—the personal character of Christ, the personal proofs that He gave, the evidence of fact which only obstinate *a priori*-ism can repeat. The short bibliographies added to each conference, and the admirable summary at the end, give to the student the latest references on this subject, ever the same yet ever new.

The fluent Bishop of Châlons, Mgr. J. M. Tissier, may well be called the Apostle of the modern woman. In *Les Puissances morales et surnaturelles des Femmes* (Téqui: 9.00 fr.) he continues his apostolate, with an even more vigorous pen than before. His Preface, describing the Laicism of the day, and its subtle infiltration even into the most guarded circles, seems to us an exceptionally brilliant analysis. This

infiltration he would have his women audiences counter by devotedness, virtue, faith, suffering, gentleness, charity, education, and sacrifice. Under each of these headings we are given pictures of the world about us with its antidote which are more than usually impressive. The chapters are written of France and the French, but they have their lesson for us all.

FICTION.

A rare gift of description—whether it be of Nature under varied aspects of time and season and climate, or of human handiwork, gorgeous or homely "interiors," picturesque dress, dramatic encounters—distinguishes every page of Mrs. Margaret Yeo's new romance *Uncertain Glory* (Sheed and Ward: 7s. 6d. n.). It is worth reading for those vignettes alone, which evidence a wide and intimate acquaintance with the general history of the period, the last half of the seventeenth century. And the story also—the career of James de la Cloche, supposed to be the lawful son of Charles II. by a wife presumed dead before the Restoration—is cleverly constructed and full of exciting incident, bringing the young man into touch with many contemporary celebrities—Christina of Sweden, William of Orange, Marie Alacoque, Pères Vincent Huby and Marquette, S.J., besides the gallants of Charles' court. But the touch of the authoress, generally so sure, has lamentably failed in her conception of Padre Oliva, General of the Jesuits, who acts as if he were a landed proprietor, reluctantly turning from his gardens and hothouses to more spiritual occupations.

The difference between the literary artist and the literary photographer is that the former knows what to leave in the paint-box and the latter does not. In *Black Soil* (Methuen: 7s. 6d. n.) Miss Josephine Donovan, writing of pioneer prairie life from abundance of first-hand knowledge, seems to favour the camera rather than the palette. The story is overcrowded with detail and moves slowly in consequence; incidents are related just because they happened, not for their bearing on the theme. But the author's realism rings true; she has evidently "been there" and knows how to utilize her experiences; accordingly her pictures of the prairie and its ways are delightfully vivid and the reaction to them of the various racial types she introduces are true and consistent.

Whatever be the meaning and application of the title *Laments for the Living* (Longmans: 6s. n.) the series of dialogues and sketches to which Miss Dorothy Parker has given that name are alive from first to last. Humorous, tragic, pathetic, fiercely satirical, they are actual to the last degree and exhibit an uncanny power of psychological analysis. But they give a very sordid impression of American society which we would fain hope to be confined to a narrow circle.

In a very interesting and well-constructed story—*Catherine de Gardeville* (B.O. and W.: 7s. 6d.)—Mrs. Radford Sutton sketches the career of a high-minded, high-spirited girl, against a background of English paganism and French "laïcisme." Catherine has a convert mother, who became a militant rationalist and managed later to pervert her French husband, and who relapsed into worse worldliness and unbelief after his death, trying her best to draw her daughter with her by a combination of frivolity and free-thinking. The conflict of influences, good and bad, of

which the girl is the centre, is detailed with much spiritual insight, and the story ends happily with the triumph of right.

MISCELLANEOUS.

It can require but little insight to recognize that *Glimpses of Catholic England*, by T. S. Westbrook (B.O. and W.: 4s. 6d.), is a collection of short essays written for some magazine. There is a certain repetition in them which shows that each essay has originally stood by itself. Nevertheless these vignettes have their separate and distinct values, and taken together give the reader much valuable information which he is not likely to find elsewhere. The period covered is from Lanfranc to St. Thomas Cantilupe. Fr. Bede Jarrett writes an inspiring Preface, looking from the past into the future.

The President of the Bureau des Constatations Medicales at Lourdes Dr. Auguste Vallet, has published another volume, of *Guerisons de Lourdes, en 1927—1928—1929*, (Téqui: 10.00 fr.), following on that which he published containing the cures of 1926. In this volume a careful Introduction records the increasing interest taken by medical men in the wonders of the shrine, and the surrender of many to the evidence; it also repeats the conditions required for a true miracle which, it would seem, any reasonable person would accept. Twenty-two cases are then considered, in sufficient detail to allow the reader to draw his own conclusion. One case is added of a false cure. At the end of this volume we are given an account of the various exhumations of the body of Bernadette, with the sworn attestations of the doctors on each occasion.

The Centenary of the Liverpool and Manchester railway was celebrated with much pomp last September, but on May 3rd, the hundredth anniversary of the opening of a still earlier passenger line, that between Canterbury and Whitstable, passed without public notice. Not altogether, however, without its *vates sacer*, for, on the occasion, Fr. Reginald Fellows published a valuable *History of the Canterbury and Whitstable Railway* (Jennings, Canterbury: 6s.), a volume profusely illustrated with contemporary prints and plans, and giving a graphic account of the curiously gradual genesis of steam locomotion. For students of social evolution, as indeed for the ordinary educated reader, the book is full of fascination.

MINOR PUBLICATIONS.

A very lofty ambition is satisfactorily realized in the publication of Father Stephen Brown's *Index of Catholic Biographies* (Central Catholic Association, Dublin), a list, in some 280 columns of small print, of the various Catholic Lives whose memories have for one reason or another been thought worthy of preservation. It represents an immense amount of careful labour, for it contains mention, with publisher and date, of nearly 10,000 separate books. All Catholic libraries should have it for reference.

A second edition of *Latin Made Easy for Beginners*, Parts I. and II. (B.O. and W.: 1s. 6d. each), by "Ambrose," "revised and enlarged," should be welcomed by all who wish to know the language of the Church, or to gain access to the beauties of the Classics.

A dainty little drama embodying an incident in the life of Saint Elizabeth of Hungary, has been written by Mrs. Cecilia Oldmeadow and called *The Robe Celestial* (B.O. and W.: 6d.). It is well adapted for representation, having indeed already stood that test successfully.

BOOKS RECEIVED

(Reviewed in present issue or reserved for future notice.)

ALEXANDER OUSELEY, London.

Maria of Padua. Pp. 193. Price, 3s. 6d. *The Two Kingdoms: Essays by Six Priests.* Pp. viii. 299. Price, 6s.

ARNOLD, London.

Rome. By F. S. Burnell. Pp. vii. 303. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

BROWNE & NOLAN, Dublin.

The Truths of Eternity. By Fr. J. Pergmajer. Pp. xi. 253. Price, 5s. n.

BURNS, OATES & WASHBOURNE, London.

The Sacramentary. By Abbot I. Schuster. Vol. V. (Parts VIII. and IX.). Pp. xi. 348. Price, 15s. *Impressions of a Pilgrim.* By A. J. Francis Stanton. Pp. 306. Price, 6s. *The Catholic Student's "Aids" to the Bible.* By Hugh Pope, O.P. Vol II. The Old Testament. Pp. xiv. 520. Price, 7s. 6d. *The Essence of the Catholic.* By P. Lippert, S.J. Pp. 83. Price, 2s. 6d. *The Holy Ghost.* By Rev. J. M. T. Barton. Pp. vi. 86. Price, 1s. *Death and Judgment.* By Abbot Vonier. Pp. 87. Price, 1s. *The Sacrament of the Eucharist.* By Dr. G. D. Smith. Pp. 90. Price, 1s. *The Prayer of the Early Christians.* By Abbot Cabrol. Pp. xxvii. 175. Price, 5s. *Fragments that Remain.* Pp. 85. Price, 1s. *The Catholic Diary* (1s. 6d.). *The Catholic Almanack* (2d.). *Book of Exercises for the Spiritual Life.* By Abbot De Cisneros, O.S.B. Pp. 333. Price, 5s.

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS.

English Education, 1789—1902. By J. W. Adamson. Pp. x. 519. Price, 21s.

CAROLUS DRUCKERIE, Frankfurt.

Grundlegung der Erkenntnistheorie. By Caspar Nink, S.J. Pp. xii. 292. Price, 10.50 m. *Kommentar zu Kants Kritik der Reinen Vernunft.* By C. Nink. Pp. 310. Price, 10.50 m.

CENTRAL CATHOLIC LIBRARY, Dublin.

An Index of Catholic Biographies. Compiled by S. J. Brown, S.J. Pp. 142.

COLUMBIA UNIVERSITY PRESS, New York.

The Church of England and Social Reform since 1854. By D. O. Wagner. Pp. 341. Price, \$5.25.

DENT & SONS, London.

Two Witnesses. By Gwendolen Greene. Pp. v. 200. Price, 7s. 6d. n.

FLAMMARION, Paris.

Sainte Radegonde. By Mathilde Alanic. Pp. 223. Price, 10.00 fr. *L'Eucharistie.* By P. R. Plus. Pp. 178. Price, 10.00 fr.

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